

THE
RHYMES

OF
THE
WINTER
AND
WITHOUT SEASON



MARSHALL J. LINDEN



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RHYMES— WITH, AND WITHOUT REASON

BY

MARSHALL LORIMER

★ ★ ★

IF YOU BUT READ EACH THROBBING PAGE
WITH THAT INTENT THE AUTHOR PENNED,
YOU WILL A CERTAIN GRIEF ASSUAGE
AND GAIN A COMFORT IN THE END.

★ ★ ★

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FOREWARNED

Thoughtful Reader: "RHYMES—WITH AND WITHOUT REASON" was never intended to revolutionize the existing standard of versification. Nor was it intended to make its author famous overnight. But—being ambitious for his Progeny, he felt that they should be fed and clothed properly.

His only desire is that you will take them into your homes, and give them a little of the warmth that Foundlings merit.

Should you have occasion to censure them, won't you do it as gently as possible? as the Author could not find it in his heart to destroy them, that he cherished.

He is humble enough to know that it is not necessary for you to associate his volume on the same library table with KIPLING, SERVICE, or even LORD BYRON'S works!

But if you deem it worthy of re-perusal the Author's aim will have been accomplished.

Yours cordially,

MARSHALL LORIMER.

January 15th, 1919.

“PEACE”

PEACE! has returned to us, tenderly—
proudly,
Her mission accomplished among the WAR-
LORDS.
Her “OLIVE BRANCH” circled in triumph,
and Justice.
Her future resplendant—unguarded by
SWORDS.

The strain of the PRICE, is lifted forever.
With LIFE! as the most precious thing in her
sight.
Majestic in mien, SHE faced the War Coun-
cil.
Demanding the “World right” or “finish the
fight.”

The “Self-right” of Nations to govern them-
selves!
SHE, uttered this Dictum, of LIBERTY’S
aim,
Propounding humanity’s aims as a basis—
To “Equity” competition, and Fame.
Autocracy’s head was lowered and humbled.
As “FREEDOM” arose with her radiant
voice,
And uttered the Words, that ran thru the
Nations.
“PEACE IS YOUR RULER NOW; MY
CHILDREN REJOICE!”

FAIR PLAY

The Boys, who were ready, and training in
Camps,

Are one, and all worthy American stamps,
But unlike the kind which we every day lick—
They eagerly waited to do their "Bit" quick.
They went thru the rigors of Army routine,
Dispensing the glory those others have seen,
They hiked in the sweltering sun just the
same

Like comrades afar, who got into the game.
They fought their sham battles as if they
were real;

With firmness, and ardor that true Soldier's
feel.

Their wishes—if spoken, all pointed to France
As thoroughbreds, under restraint—for the
chance.

We do not detract from the fame of "Our
Boys!"

Who soon will return to our welcoming
noise!

We feel as you do, that we can't do enough—
To show admiration of good Yankee stuff!

But shall we neglect all "Our Boys" Over
here,

Who have given their best—when Peace—
shall appear?

Or shall we proclaim that Our Soldier Boys
share

In some of the Glory, of Those "Over There"?

“THE SPIRIT OF ‘76’ ”

FORWARD! says our President.
This, shall our watchword, be.
We obey the precedent
Which gave us Liberty.

Our Forbears, died in “76”!
As well as “61”!
Like them, we’ll cross the “River Styx”
Like them, we will have won.

Today we use the “Arm of Force”
Tomorrow gain the right
To praise the spirit of the source—
That prompted us to fight.

“THE TRANSPORT LINE”

Each night as I stood at the old “Lovers’
Post,”

With the “Girl of My Dreams” in my arms,
I told her the things that she cared to hear
most—

While my eyes feasted over her charms.
I ravished her lips, and her eyes, and her hair,
As I pleaded the hope in my breast.
She failed to respond to my knowing despair,
With her lips to my own sweetly pressed.

Yet, somehow, she spoke with a voiceless con-
cern,

Of the things that lay deep in her heart.
Which showed me that she might in after days
learn

For herself, Cupid’s tortuous chart.
With me as the captain to pilot our ship
Thru a sea overcharged with delay,
She will rise to the flame that burns on my lip,
Thrilling there in its spark—will repay.

HIS MASK

I cannot tell you all I feel—
To do so, would explain
The reason why my senses steal
Always to you, in vain!

I cannot hope to understand
Myself, these latter days,
I know each time I touch your hand,
My Eyes, my heart betrays.

That call confronts, and urges me
To press you to my breast.
And tell you, Oh—so tenderly
Of Love, so long repressed!

I fear to hope, and dread to ask
The smallest kind of boon,
For fear you penetrate the mask,
That may be dropped—too soon?

Should such a thing E're come to pass,
As we stand Face, to Face.
My happiness would far surpass
An Angel, high in grace.

So Dear, I'll act the make-believe;
Of Some—one cold, and stern!
In time—I may myself deceive
In thinking, You . . could . . . learn.

MY IDEAL!

I am looking for a sweetheart,
Can you tell me one to suit?
She must have such winning graces,
That time will not refute;
I do not seek mere beauty,
For this, time, can erase,
I seek that deathless passion
Which age can new retrace.

I am looking for a sweetheart,
With the light of virtue clear,
Who can look into my eyes without
The tremor of a fear;
Whose warm arms will be a shelter,
When sorrow leaves its Ruth,
Whose buoyancy of spirit can
Rejuvenate lost youth.

I am looking for a sweetheart,
Who can claim what I admire,
In me, she'd find a counterpart
Who'd live in her desire;
Who would in stress of circumstance
Stand as a bulwark strong,
Shielding her against mischance!
And live the Old Sweet Song.

OUR GOLD STARS

Sons of a peaceful hearth!
Sons of our dear home land.
You answered all
Your country's call
Far where the maddened Earth
Spewed Death on Ev'ry hand.

Laying aside your youth
Without the least remorse
You shouldered arms
Thru War's alarms
Until Fair Freedom's Truth
Was made firm by your force.

Some of you lie "out there"
Beneath a midnight sky
Each wooden cross
Will mark a loss
In which our hearts will share
Until we too—shall die.

Somewhere above ye wait
To know how true we are!
We shall not fail
Your gloried trail—
But envy your high state
Each son, your golden star.

THE "ROOKIE'S" SAY SO

We waited, how we waited—for the chance,
To drive the "Huns" from "Nap's" immortal France,
Yep, we fought 'em off their feet,
And we made 'em face defeat—
'Till they skipped in wild retreat
At our advance.

We heard so much about their deadly gas?
And how they was the highest fightin' class?
But we proved it all the "bunk"
For they all of 'em was "punk!"
'Tho their trail was like the Skunk
That wouldn't pass.

We gave 'em all a touch of what's to come!
We killed a lot, and even captured some!
And, we all of us, felt bad—
When they yelled out "Kamarad!"
For we wanted to keep mad
With German—Scum!

We're "fed up" with the sight of "No-Man's
Land"
With shell-Holes, like the freckles on my
hand,
With Ten Million miles of wire,
And with Skies always on fire,

'Till you sure begin to tire
At this same brand.

At last there comes a whisper in our trench,
To hold ourselves, to cover up the French,
We all hustle into line,
For these Poilus boys are fine,
When we both of us combine
Well—"its a cinch!"

The 75's are roaring in the rear!
Now, "OVER BOYS" we make it with a
cheer.

We stumble—get up—and run
With our Bayonets in each Gun,
'Till we stick it in a "Hun"
When they appear.

We penetrate their first line with a Yell!
And dig, and stab, around the "Boche's"
hell,
We're not after prisoners,
We're exterminating Curs,
To no orders we refers—
'Till its done well.

The U. S. A. won't see us coming back,
'Till Butcher "Bill" and "Hindy" get the
sack,
For we're over here to stay,
With our Allies, in this fray,
For that's just our General's way,
We mean—"BLACK JACK."

YE MELTING DAYS

I cannot stand this heat somehow—
It makes me very weak.
The Water trickles down my brow,
I always seem to leak!

Its quite unnecessary now—
To take a Daily Bath;
Instead of Feet, I need a Prow
To float upon my path!

If this keeps up—I surely vow
Not once, nor twice—but thrice—
To seek the North Pole, and allow
Myself, to turn to ICE.

A MATURITY COMPLAINT

Dear "Uncle Sam" why hesitate—
What are you waiting for?
If you don't hurry, we'll be late
To help you win this War!
Why take the Youngsters all the time?
Give them a chance to live;
Take Men like us—who've seen our prime—
We can afford to give!

We're steady, ev'ry one of us:
And know what's to be done,
We won't get nervous in a Fuss
With any Mother's Son!
So send us out to end this Scrap!
We'll know just what to do—
We'll wipe the German's from the Map!
And bring back "BILL" to you.

“PUTTING ONE OVER”

“Broke? Why, yes, you’ve guessed it;
But how you did just puzzles me—
My clothes are good—and don’t they fit?
And I still have some jewelry—
You smile—and well, I see the joke,
For anyone might think it funny—
To see a man who is dead broke
Got up to look like ready money:
But what’s a man to do, I say?
Must he be kicked into perdition—
Because his clothes begin to fray;
Is that the sign he’s lost ambition?
Just take my case, I’ve worked—and lost
Most everything I tried to gain;
And smiled my best—and payed the cost
And pulled the failure from my brain,
Oh, yes—I’ve had the blues, but damn the
blues!
And all the devils that they bring—
A coward is the one to lose—
The road on life’s adventuring.
You’ve sized me up. I am an actor,
Who loves his art in all its phases—
No ridicule could be a factor
To down the hope ambition raises.
Some day, perhaps, “I will succeed,
And will with gratefulness look back
Upon the sordid path of need.
When—what I could have” was my lack—
Good-bye—No, I don’t think ’twill rain.
What’s that, you can’t pay your own check?
Say, shake, old man, we’re in again,
And someone—gets it in the neck.”

THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE

The stage was set,
And on my knee
A little flea
Disported carelessly,
And then in sport
My back it sought,
I'll swear deliberately.
What could I do?
(The stage was set)
The players on,
And about me,
Filled with glee
The audience rocked,
While vengefully
I sought the flea,
Which at my antics mocked.

The play was done,
And of the plot
I know not,
Except I felt
Each swelling welt
Upon its fearsome track!
And prayed and sighed
The flea would ride
On someone else's back.

My wish was granted,
For at my side

A lady tried
To get at what she wanted.
It seemed that she
Had caught the flea
Which had just bitten me!
She squirmed and wriggled,
And I—just giggled;
At least, not outwardly.

Somehow she knew;
My face askew
Was all suffused with laughter,
She said to me,
“Take back your flea.—
I cannot wait till after;”

* * * * *

So later on
With bated breath
The deed was done
A flea met death!



ENCOURAGEMENT

There's a gleam of something better
For the man who faces doom;
There's a warmth of welcome begging
Even in an attic room;
There's a kindly smile just waiting
To shine out from some stern gloom,
And a wealth of happiness untold
For someone to consume;
There's a hope in every second
That no sorrow can reduce,
With its country full of sunshine,
That happiness turns loose;
There's a wish that's always longing
To be put to some good use,
For the road is marked with sign posts
For those going to the deuce.

So meet the flings that Fate will bring
With utter unconcern,
And smile, and whistle, laugh, and sing.
Till better days return.
Just feel yourself the conqueror!
Don't quit, lie down, or whine,
But say: "I've been a blunderer
Who failed to see sunshine."

AFTER THE WAR

There's a happy time arriving,
When the clang of War, shall cease,
With our soldier boys returning
To a deep, and lasting peace.
They'll come as Hero's—ev'ry one—
With souvenirs galore,
Of Trophies of past battles won,
In this—the World's last war!

Autocracy shall be no more,
But a lasting brotherhood,
With ev'ry Nation striving for
The Universal good.
The Sword shall be a memory,
Uncouth, the Cannons roar,
Each home will know real liberty,
With "Welcome" on the door.

Those days will mark the utter doom
Of grasping profiteers.
When normal Industries resume
The balance of War-Years!
The men who gave their "Bit" of Brawn
Will be Masters, each—of—them!
In our conception—of that Dawn—
The hoped-Millennium!

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS SHOES

It's easy and simple for one who has all
To lay down examples, and preach.
And tell the poor devil who's lost nerve and
gall,
To go after things out of reach.

It's easy, for instance, to hand out advice—
To someone whose last Coin has fled,
When tact, or practical help, would suffice,
To guaranty things you have said.

It's easy to mention what you might have done
If you had the other man's place!
But kindly remember that not everyone
Can conquer, or keep up your pace!

It's easy to help—if you follow this "tip"—
By putting yourself in his shoes!
You'll not sermonize after taking one trip—
You won't have the heart to refuse.

YE MEN OF SINEWS!

Mine, is the Song of the sinews!
Of men with the "Guts" and the brawn,
With their hands hard calloused from use,
Who grumbling rise with the dawn.

Who earnestly face the days work,
With grimness, and something of scorn,
For Loafers, and Idlers who shirk
The toil, for which every man's born.

Mine, is the cry of the Furnace!
That pleads for its Maw to be filled,
By full-sweated men,
"VULCAN'S" children!
Obeying the voice of the skilled.

Their's, is the vision of clearness,
They're feeding the power to wield
The strenght of our Son's,
With new Ships, and Guns
On Sea, and red-scarred battle-field.

Mine, is the urge of the plodder!
Who tickles the earth with his plow,
Doubling the growth of our fodder,
With the Nation back of him now.

His thoughts are of countless starved-Ones,
Who wait for the fruit of his toil,

He feels that heroic Belgiums—
Will “GOD BLESS” each Son of the soil.

We voice the keen admiration
Our Toilers, have wrung from our breast,
Supreme in high, or low station
Each backing “our Boys” with HIS best.
They gave what they could—
As earnest men should,
Proud of their strength, and elation,
Not one would refuse
To give his Sinews
To serve a unified Nation.

When History’s probe is begun
Of which did the best in this War,
Each Mother will say to her son,
“My own Boy!—you couldn’t do more!”
No praise can equal this tribute—
When her Dear loved voice will enthuse;
T’ll thrillingly render you mute—
God Bless you, Ye Men of Sinews.



TRYING IT OUT

Is it possible that you
Havn't had as yet the "FLU"
During this old Epidemic?
Didn't you Sniffle, Cough, or Sneeze,
And feel weak around the knee's
Cursing everything Germanic?

Didn't you feel quite out of place
With a gauze mask on your face,
Like an ordinary Bandit?
And the order—not to kiss!
Did you heed it—or do this?
You couldn't misunderstand—it!

Did you heed it thoroughly,
Inwardly, and outwardly
As you suffered tender passion ?
Did you merely try it out—
Found it dull without a doubt—
Then resumed your former fashion?

THE UNFORSEEN ENEMY

I remember as a child,
 How I wanted to be wild.
 And to travel far afield
 Where great wealth lay all concealed.
 And where Savages—galore
 Every day would start a War.
 Well, I wanted to be there,
 And of fighting, have my share,
 Take a Scalp, or two of course
 Every Hour without remorse.
 So with this great thing in view
 Planned, just what I wanted to.

So in time, Myself, and Chum,
 Waited for the day to come,
 And it came, and forth we went
 To explore this Continent.
 He was Four, and I was Five,
 (Strange to say—we're both alive!)
 For the Savages we met—
 Still continue living yet?
 They nipped every plan we had,
 Which believe me, made us MAD—
 One—commanded us to stop—
 Curse his hide! It was a "Cop."

He disarmed us there, and then,
 Just as he would do to men?

We admit it came quite hard—
Tho the “Cop” won our regard,
After quite a little while
He returned them, with a smile,
Saying—“Kids, yerve got the grit”
Then he bought us both Ice-Cream,
Which just fitted in our scheme.
Now my Chum, and I admit
That it wasn’t wrong to quit.



THE ROAD TO DIVORCE

A Husband; to his Wife, said—
 “I trust you Darling Mine”
 “The world may say your Love has fled,”
 “I’ll find it out in time?”
 “But tho they sneer—I’ll seek instead”
 The Maiden Love I won
 “And seek to resurrect the dead
 Romance—we first had spun.”

His Wife puffed her Cigaret,
 And sipping her Cocktail!
 Replied—“You fool! your eyes are wet”
 “Your platitudes, are stale!
 This is no Age of vain regret;”
 Or sentimental creed—”
 “You’re old! or you would not expect—
 “Your Wife to go to seed.”

The Husband gasped, and looked askance
 At his bewildering Spouse,
 And muttered—“This is just my chance
 To flee this shameful house”
 At 4 G. M. he had returned
 Most gloriously drunk,
 And told his Wife—“I’ve been interned—
 “My moral self is sunk”

(Next Day)

“EXTRA!”

BIG DIVORCE SUIT STARTED

ROBBED OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT

This is the plea of a Soldier man, who is off'-
ring his all in all.

Who claims to be an American, as far as he
can recall,

Before he enlisted he fought for his rights, in
his home community,

This was his privilege, signed by his Ancestors
on the scroll of liberty.

But things are sadly awry he thinks, as he
fights in "No Man's Land"

To give to the World a Democracy it shortly
will understand.

He wonders why he is fighting for this principle
"Over there"

When he is denied the actual thing—tho he
be Freedom's heir!

He carries the pride of his Country's Soul,
sacred within his heart,

Yet SHE fails him now when he is afar!
tend'ring him no part!

Her favorite Sons, whose ascendancy glowed
on his growing youth,

May take high Office, or go to discard, sham-
ing Liberty's truth!

The lack of his voice is unto the tomb, as well
as millions of others,

Who feel as he feels, as earnest as he, all Fair
 "Columbia's Brothers"

While politieal bargainers, sensing the void
 remain at home and gloat,

At the Soldier-Men, and Freemen all! who
 are too far away now to vote.

One fact still remains, t'is a paramount fact,
 the War one day will cease,

Some Millions of Freemen will have returned
 in the days that follow Peace!

He was fighting your Battles, and taking the
 Sign of Killer upon his brow?

It is in the realm of reason some day, He'll
 inquire the "Whyfore, and HOW?"



FROM THE BORDERLAND

I sought for my ideal, the perfect man!
And wandered abroad to discover him.
One glimpse of him, then my fancy outran
His physical being of Face, and limb.
Many moons I wandered, many faces scanned:
But fruitless it was, and in weariness
I sought a retreat, where the sea and the sand,
Could echo the note of my dreariness.

Despairing at last, I kissed the sea's crest,
And there in its bosom I dreamed a dream
That he, whom I'd sought, pressed me to his
 breast,
And gave me his heart for my past esteem.
Sub-conscious I knew this hero of tan,
Was one with my ideal—the Perfect Man.

MY DREAM GIRL

The call of the heart is with me my Dear,
 Unquenched is the thirst in my blood,
 And mating is on—and Spring is quite near,
 And Lovers appear as they should,
 Your Eyes are sparkling with something
 divine,
 Presaging—the ease of my Soul,
 Flashing a message—that may make you mine,
 Returning the love that you stole.

At times, I have called you my “Midnight
 Girl”
 So often you came in my sleep!
 Tend’ring delights, only dreams can unfurl!
 Restraining the bliss that you keep
 Your future Dear Heart is woven to mine,
 Altho you seem not to be stirred?
 But patience, and Love, will justify time
 That brings me a SIGN—or a WORD.

A WESTERN MEMORY

In the meadow, near the homestead, where
the mountain stream ran through,
Where the golden rod, and columbine, in wild
profusion grew,
Where the vista of the prairies as they
stretched and met the skies,
Where the glance a moment rested ere the
“rockies” caught the eyes.
There the earth lay wrapt in silence—till the
night her robe assumed,
When coyotes, and the dingoes, all their
buried prey exhumed,
There I grew in happy childhood 'midst the
bronchos, and the steers,
There I mastered feats of daring, overcoming
boyish fears,
There I learnt the sweetest lesson ever taught
by girlish lips,
Who came into my existence from a train of
“prairie ships,”
How we used to wander o'er the plains—two
children hand in hand,
How we used to gloat in stories of the red
man, and his land,
Detecting in each speck we saw—while on our
rambling walks,
A band of shrieking savages—with upraised
tomahawks!

How she clung to me in terror—till the foe
 appeared in sight,
 While my boyish heart grew stronger—in her
 weakness, for the fight;
 But at last the foe, as thunderstruck would
 neigh, and show their heels,
 While two romantic “make-believes” would
 join their merry peals.
 There the “punchers” found us often after
 searching high and low,
 And in triumph bore us homewards to its
 snug and genial glow.
 ’Twas there we outgrew childhood—depend-
 ing on each other’s whims,
 Ah! those golden, happy days of youth too
 oft my eye bedims,
 For the heart she won from wildness, from
 amidst the western plains—
 Can still feel the old, old sorrow, whilst her
 image there remains.
 For Elsie, my sweet comrade, left her play-
 mate all forlorn,
 O’ercome with grief we parted—ere her spirit
 fled that morn;
 My happy youth lay buried: for it found a
 grave with hers,
 Up in the lonely shelter, where she lies among
 the firs.

THE REMEDY

(Written one day after the sinking of the
Transport Ship "TUSCANIAN", Febru-
ary 6th; loss 210 lives.)

America awakens to the stern relentless blight,
Which travels 'neath the surface like a shadow
in the night.

Which expells her mordant fury at Ships with
human freight,
Disclosing to the World at large, the Kaiser's
fear and hate.

For Cowards are a breed who show when cor-
nered in a hole,
These signs of desperation that have gone be-
yond control.

Who do not choose the weapons, that will give
a breathing space,
To think out Hell's devices, that will treach-
ery replace.

The "HUNS" and all they represent are
Poltroons at their best,
(Children and Women, sacred things, which
linger in each breast)
Are altogether lacking with these savages at
War,
In their role of World Dictators, which they
are fighting for!

Their savage inhumanity in Gas, and Liquid
Fire!

Are but the weapons madmen use to bolster
her Empire,

Her spies are scattered in our midst, with
Bombs, and Dynamite,

To emphasize her creed—"that we will rule
the World by might!"

When Rats infest our Cellars, do we pause or
hesitate—

To justify the means we take—so we exter-
minate?

So let us use the Scapel, if we must, to cure
disease,

So give the World—a cleanly World; washed
in Democracies!

THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER

("TEDDY" of the Canadian Forces)
Well, here I am—just turned Eighteen!
Three years spent "Over here!"
And what a little Hell its been;
Each day seemed like a year.
I fought at—Ypres, Somme, and Marne.
And tried to do my "Bit"
So why extend the blasted yarn?
Like others—I've been hit!

I've been a month without a bath.
But sometime in "God's Grace,"
I'll chase the "Cootie's" and my wrath,
From off my whiskered face!
My socks have stuck like hardened glue,
Upon my blister'd feet.
I've had the Measals, Grip, and "FLU,"
Besides—but why repeat?

I've slept in Mud, and driving rain,
And froze in "Sentry Go,"
But I would do it all again
With pleasure, "Don't cher know."
I didn't miss my schooling much—
I've learn't a great deal more!
About the things, school-books don't touch—
Facts gotten in this war.

OFFER ALL!

Do you wish to be an "Outer"
 With a brand upon your brow—
 Known as nothing but a "Spouter"
 Than a fighting Soldier now?

Do you wish to have your neighbor,
 Look the other way, with scorn—
 As he goes to fight, or labor,
 A'rnt you 'shamed that that you were
 born?

Is it worth your while to settle
 Selfishly in lazy ease—
 While your Brotherhood's true mettle
 is now tested Over-Sea's?

There is one way to redemption!
 To redeem your Craven-Soul.
 Offer all! without exemption,
 Join "OLD GLORY'S" honor roll.

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

A Woman is a prey to every man,
He works his will upon her if he can,
His, is an instinct that just burns within,
More oft he would do right, than really sin.

It is that close proximity of sex,
Which enters in his blood, and wrecks
His good resolves. From then his fashioned
will,
Conforms to but a Hunter for a Thrill.

Men strive to cover with a smooth veneer,
Their passions—which would otherwise ap-
pear.

Unconsciously they strive to do their best
To conquer their true cravings in the breast.

But Young, or Old, and soon, or late they feel
The sweet temptation of the Sex appeal.
Conventions, Ethics, Ritual, and all
Are soon forgotten in their primal fall.

The aftermath, and consequence becomes
The future scourge, that intellect benumbs.
Their conscience then becomes their nemesis.
Pursuing them for each adventured kiss.

'Tis then, when he, the man, can introspect
Beholding each disgrace he can expect,

That he to former passions will revert,
And wishing it, will all his pow'r exert.

So why blame him the wanton bliss he takes?
He but obeys the call of blood that makes
Another Semblance of Diviner rule,
He would be wise, but passions make him—
Fool.



“BATTING 400”

“Much too much, is much too much”
And half-way measures—worse!
Either one of these can touch
A great despair, or curse.

To do a thing, just do it well,
And never stop half-way,
But do it so your neighbors tell
‘You made your work, your play!’

Confront your conscience with a song,
And let excuses—die.
We guarantee it won’t be long
Before Ill-Fortunes-fly.
By taking with a smile—rebuff!
You beat it from the start,
Discouragement, is just the stuff
That makes it soon depart.
The great mistake, is nursing it!
Until it is too late—
No real Man ever tries to quit,
When hopes—evaporate.

Its holding on, and plodding on,
That makes us realize
That no reward is ever won
With Brain, of coward size.

We must advance our own career,
In every way we can,
But do it so we make it clear
We got there—like a MAN.

THRU A MIST

Go to the room of mem'ries!
 There in its snug confines,
 Live me again its stories,
 Read—but, between the lines.

Tell me of my ambitions!
 Leading always to you;
 Show me again my visions—
 That never once came true!

Point—the premature grayness
 On my young weary head.
 Look—for the old-time gayness,
 E're my last hope had fled!

Search—and you will discover
 A thin dim trail of a Ghost,
 That had once been your lover,
 Who wanted you most.

A CHRISTMAS POEM

(“The Mendicant”)

Two thousand Christians turn away
From that old pleading voice,
A little help that would allay—
A heart that might rejoice.

Her crippled limbs, and garments torn,
And tattered hair of gray,
Should merit something more than scorn
From hypocrites of clay.

Perhaps had they beheld a friend
In window high above,
They might have changed their mental trend,
And shown some Christian love.

Perhaps these same on Xmas morn
Have preached the “Golden Rule,”
Among themselves, for those forlorn—
And then the next day—cool.

Behold, this world is but a street,
Searched by a living eye,
That sees each goodly thought retreat,
That might have mounted high.

Some day as she—as mendicants—
We will death’s call obey,
And tremble ’neath that God-like glance,
Before ’tis turned away.

AN ACTOR'S PRAYER

Remove this grim uncertainty
That sticks to me persistently,
And let me know if future months
Will be as moneyless—at once!

It seems the world's hard luck is wrapped
Into a bundle, and is strapped
Securely on my back. I fear—
So little have I had this year.

Your Holy Word states that you give
Each soul a certain span to live,
And with it all resources found
Upon this fruitful earth around.

If this be so (I doubt it not)
I've searched for wealth in every spot,
Not greedy like, but just enough
To live myself and stand a touch.

But honestly, it seems the earth
With wire fences is begirth.
And what is not is mortgaged so
There's not a free square foot below.

Among the boys I travel with
We think three squares a day a myth.
So, lacking what we all once felt,
Each actor tightens up his belt.

So having prayed, I now desist,
Depending on you to subsist.
And if I get more than my share,
I'll willingly have some to spare.

AMEN!

“GETTING NEXT”

(A Truism in Slang)

It's funny, when I think of it,
How often I have made a hit
 With some “Swell Dame,”
And felt “lit up” and all aglow,
Just “Aces high” when “spilling dough”
 To liven up the game.
But after “cashing in” “my bit,”
Somehow the loving didn't go—
 The game was not the same.
 “Yours truly” kept his flame.
What followed—don't you know?

QUESTIONS

Do you find life all askew—

As I do?

Can you gauge that gnawing ache

As you flit around and take

Pleasures due?

Isn't something lacking, dear,

Just a fear,

That the emptiness around

Might be filled if he, were found

And was near?

Shall our content be divorced,

Perhaps lost?

Going through life's darkened days,

When by slaying pride's false ways

Reap the cost?

Life has little here below,

So why throw

Away—happiness you'll miss—

When by holding on to this.

Feel it grow!

SKIRMISHING

She's an interesting woman,
As she trips along the street,
With a look that's truly human,
Almost good enough to eat!

She observed him scrutinizing—
Well, let's say her dainty feet,
And a critic, recognizing,
Cast a smile on him so sweet.

He, of course, enraptured greatly,
For it flattered his conceit,
Cooly reached her side sedately
As a conqueror complete.

Then she put a question bluntly,
Which he begged her to repeat,
Then he murmured "Why, it's Sun-
day,"
And he fled in full retreat.

L'Envoi.

Now, the obvious deduction
Is to be shy and discreet;
Never seek an introduction
To a lady on the street.

THE STORY OF THE PURPLE COW

With apologies to Burgess Johnson (?)

A man I knew expressed his view
About some cows of purple hue;
Astonished I drank in his words,
For he had seen them roam in herds.

I nearly had a fit when he,
This statement made so earnestly,
For all my friends had never seen
A cow beyond a reddish green.

What could I do, what could I say,
Except in fancy flit away
To where those mangy purple cows
On violet grass did play and brouse?

If legends hold their potent spell,
In twenty thousand years from now,
Let those who hear, in turn retell
The story of the purple cow.

“THE LESSON”

An old vintage of wine,
And a girl, and youth,
And her future is mine,
by lies mixed with truth.

Be she stubborn or coy,
Speak soothing and low,
'Tis she feels the same joy,
You would have her know.

But should she resist,
As most maidens do;
Do your best to enlist,
Her sympathy too.

This done, you may kiss her,
(Once over the line)
You have her surrender
Just finish your wine.

WRITING TO "UNCLE SAM"

I am goin' "Uncle Samuel"
 To the maddened, fightin' front.
 Playing myself, in the gamble
 That will keep me in the hunt.
 After Kaiser Bill, the Villin'
 Who is sacrafcin' Lives,
 So I'll guess you'll find me willin'
 While Democracy survives.

Send me "Over There" directly,
 For my feet refuse to cool,
 And I'll show them "HUNS" exactly
 That I ain't nobody's fool,
 But a cool resourceful Yankee,
 With a little "Bone-to-pick"
 So its up to you to frankly
 Get "Yours Truly" over quick.

With a little help, and practice,
 I'll do all the active stuff,
 For between ourselves—the fact—is
 I'm sure hank'ring to get rough.
 With the Onery Cuss from Berlin.
 Who has fairly "Got my Goat"
 That's why I'm trying to get in
 In fact—that's why I wrote.

Now its up to you to hustle,
 For I guess ten million more

American's with muscle
Want to get into this War.
We're a bunch of willin' Tartar's!
Who'll stay, "by Gum" or win—
So its up to you to start—us
On the first Lap to Berlin.



A PROPHECY

Now—they tell us that Berliners—
 Have not seen the Stars, and Stripes?
 Well, we claim that as beginners
 They will see a million types
 Of the Flag we call "OLD GLORY"
 In a very little while,
 That will be another story
 That will make our Children smile.

Now, we have a faint suspicion,
 Like our Comrades, far, and near
 That we'll see more than a Vision
 On German Soil, within a Year'
 For our Soldier Boys are trying
 Like grim Devils, to get in,
 From the way the "Huns" are flying
 They will follow to Berlin.

Now to us it stands to reason,
 That the Populace will gasp,
 And it will not be high treason,
 If these questions—they will ask—
 "What is that Flag, above Potsdam?"
 "That Mam—ends Autoeracy"
 "It represents our "UNCLE SAM"
 "And gives GOD'S LIBERTY."

THE "BON VIVANT"

The world is full of ne'er do wells,
The kind who wait on chance,
Who preach that something may turn up
To help them to advance,
With eyes of pictured Day-Dreams
And hope forever bright,
With castles built if realized,
And then to wake—its night.

Their airs are always jaunty,
Their clothes are neat or spruce,
Their manners most exceptional
And genteel, you deduce;
You meet them with a hand-clasp,
And show perhaps delight,
Until they try to borrow "five!"
Just then—you say good-night.

You'll meet them in your business hour,
As wasters of your time;
You'll hear them plan your sure success,
And show you how to climb,
They'll even condescend—perhaps,
To prove their ideas right,
And smoke your best cigars meanwhile,
Until they say—good-night.

You watch them go with thankful heart,—
Yet envy them, the while,

And wonder why you have to slave
While they, surpass in style?
You grumble, and show discontent,
Until your food's in sight—
You dine—and find your day-time friend,
Your servitor—that night.



'TIS KIND TO REMEMBER

The future seems all dark, sweetheart,
With you gone from my side—
I wake at night with sudden start,
And know my dreams have lied.

I miss your sweet tempestuous ways,
Your scarlet smiling lips,
Your twinkling eyes, where Devils raise
The Hell—when mankind slips.

I see again your twisting glide
As your form comes to mine,
And feel my passions overtried—
Conflict in Lovers' clime.

You smile and raise your lips to kiss,
We steal each glance before,
Then draw our suffocating bliss
For strength, to gather more.

'Tis then that mem'ry mocks my joy,
I live my dreams again,
And feel myself Fate's latest toy,
Who played his soul in vain.

“THE MIRACLE”

(To “Straw Lady”)

My life was empty, all things came amiss.
And clouds by day developed into night.
Nor blazoned hope, though there, was seen
aright.

What could be wrong? Where was the song
of bliss?

Then through it all, a faint thin penciled
light,

Sent thrilling rays where all had been so dark.
And dormant love awakened to the spark,
Ignited through the magic of my sight.

You came! “Dear girl of gold” unheralded,
And saw my plight in one swift maiden
glance.

Then pityingly all conventions shed,
Led me to heaven by the merest chance.
Now with its portals opened by a kiss—
Will future time re-emphasize us this?

A PASSIONATE HOUR

To have lived in your presence for one short
hour,
And to feel—as I did, your warm kisses,
These gave me the strength no time could o'er
pow'r
For they furnished my future with blisses.

But joy so 'tis said, is soon followed by pain,
So you gentle tryant, refused me
The sweets from your lips as I sought them
again,
Saying "Boy! you have simply amused me."

EXIT THE SPORT

The real final showdown has come, boys,
 I'm ready to face the unknown!
 I have harvested sorrows and joys,
 And am taking the journey alone.
 The friends whom I had, have all vanished;
 They scattered as quick as the tin.
 They were not around when I famished;
 I guess it's 'bout time to cash in.

Of course, like a fool who has squandered
 The best part of him in night-life,
 I've known many hearts that I plundered—
 But, thank God, no other man's wife!
 I've tasted the pleasure that's stolen,
 Much sweeter at each new rebuff,
 Till the rose leaves fell—but the polen,
 Accomplished,—I cried 'twas enough.

I've drank and caroused with the members
 Of Life's seamy side, as the high.
 Yet I doubt if one now remembers
 The Sport, who let no one go "shy."
 But, hell, what's the use in repining?
 The best lights must always burn out.
 My long suit I guess was not whining,
 It doesn't seem right for a "scout."

Yet somehow I think I'd feel better
 If these were the things that oppressed!

The man, that I was, till I met Her!
Is locked pretty tight in my breast.
It's a custom to make mere surmises,
We're all apt to mock, laugh or grin.
Each heart guards a picture it prizes—
I guess it's 'bout time to cash in!



AND THEN "MR. RAVCOVSKY" WAS INTERRUPTED

Ve are not millionaries,
 Toe ve teals mit trapery vares,
 And ve hope sum tay, to crapple mit the
 millions;
 It ish frum schmall peginnings,
 And toes honish peeznish sinnings,
 Tat ter vorld vill sum tay calls ours—
 vealthy shiltrens.

Mine broader, ant mineself,
 Ve schticts not on the shelf,
 But fills our shop, mit goots for Ladies' uses;
 And ter shentlemen has vell,
 Mit our goots ve also sell—
 Toe rivals states, ve are stocked mit supter-
 rooches.

Vel! vat ish peezneez—if
 Ve ton't makes prices schtiff?
 Vich proofs ve sells much petter goots, than
 Levy's,
 Tay unterselts mit trash,
 Vich like is callet hash,
 Vat beoples puy, ant knose not vat tay re-
 ceives!

Ten dares Isaacstein—pesites
 Vat in his carritch rites—

He tolt me how it vash he makes his monish!
He sate dat I vood pe
Shust has rich sum tay has he
Tat I vood mineself—make mineself astonish!

Tat I can vell peleef,
Me! he voot not deceef,
For he knose mine hetpeice, ish above mine
shoulter;
Tat ish vy I schmilit so,
Ven toes Levy's vish to know
How much I vill pe vorth, ven I comes olter?

Peleef me—Mr. Cohen!
Ven ve frum Europ goin,
Our gabital vas but our peezneez inkschtints,
And now! pesites our Chulery—
In gonvidents, not foolery—
Ve holts ter mortgatch on much lants, and
piltinx!

And ven goalectors cumps,
To askit for schmall sumps,
For synagawks, and sharities, and widows;
Ve gif twice oafervat
Tay frum der Levy's got,
But shoot tay never gifs—ve acts not dittoes!

Pecause ve knose dat ve
Ven gifting sharitie—
Vill at-fer-tize our names, in all de papers;
Vich ish a leetal price,
Ven Beoples sace—"how nice!

Ravcovsky ish—Der leeting Chewish
trapers?''

I sate—how vonce alrety—————!
(Vats date you sate—Mish Betty?
(A Shentlemen hash cum frum Mr. Simons')
Von min-it Mr. Cohen!
I vill not long be goin'
It ish a breasant for mine vife—off tiamonts!

EXIT



TRY IT OUT

Funny, ain't it, when you grin,
To see the other fellow do the same?
Yer kind of feel him comin' in—
To help you carry on the game.

It surely gets your nanny when
You shuffle thru a grouchy bunch,
And see what ought to be real men
Each wearing out a hard luck hunch!

The kind that figure at the top,
Are always rubbin' in the grin.
It's wound up so 'twon't ever stop,
It just keeps ropin' in the Tin.

Get next; it's up to you to win.
It ain't no fun to always lose;
Make up your mind right now to grin;
You've had the dope—now go and choose.

PLAYING THE GAME

You cast aside a heart,
 To gain a bliss.
 You spurned a life's devotion
 For a kiss.
 You revelled in the thought
 Of your desire,
 Until your own emotion
 Killed the fire.

The "lure" was lacking soon,
 Delightful sin.
 Returned to you and rendered
 Discipline.
 Chastened you sought my arms,
 Frailly you came.
 My first "Love I retendered
 With my name.

ODD VERSES

I wanted a "Boche" and I got one,
Right there at the end of my gun.
I was pulling the trigger—
When this 'Hun' of a 'Slicker'
Yelled: "Why shoot a 'Son of a Gun?' "

I herewith take my pen in hand,
To greet you, Gen'ral Pershing.
I like you in the chief command,
And like the way you're thrashing
The brutal "Huns"
With Gas and Guns.
'Tis the only argument
Your "Uncle Samuel" sent
That the Germans understand.

READING THE FUTURE

Yours are the Eyes that promise all—
The happiness I need.
With Pow'r to make me rise, or fall,
According how I read?

The Soul I see within them Dear,
Fulfills the ecstasy.
I found, when you in dreams appear
To pique expectancy!

And yet at times, I see the glance
Of due appraisal too.
A Winter to my heart-romance
Which idolizes you.

But this may come from ignorance,
Of what they may portend?
Or your constructive innocence
To merely be a friend!

But what they mean, or what they speak,
Tho' this be eloquent—
'Twill not deter me when I seek
Your spark of sentiment.

My faith, and Love, will bring reward,
Tho' you try artifice—
And Hope, will lead me to your hoard
Of shy discovered bliss.

APOLOGIES TO KIPLING

A man there was, who felt a glow,
Even as you and I,
As the winsome face of a girl, passed by;
With a sweetness strange, which could but
 grow
Into the dream of his long ago,
E'en tho' the grave be nigh.

So he cast about in his troubled brain,
Even as you and I,
But fruitless it was, and with hopeless sigh,
Did recognize that the old, old pain—
Had warped him so—that naught could re-
 gain,
No matter how he try

So the man went on his way, nor gave,
Even as we might do,
A further thought to the eyes of blue;
“For what is the use, that I should crave
When all my best, lies in the grave,
And youth—none can renew?”

THE DREGS OF LIFE

Betwixt the pages of a letter old,
 A crested withered flower lies,
 The oft thumb'd sheets, the ancient perfumes
 hold,
 'Twas once a rose bedewed with tears and
 sighs,
 That joined her fragrant breast.

Full many moons have rolled since troth was
 vowed,
 The springy strides of youth have passed,
 Replaced by palsied frame, that years have
 bow'd,
 A figure lone who sees the sad contrast,
 'Twixt fears and this unrest.

The treasured loved one whom this rose
 adorned,
 Awaits him in another sphere,
 And though the tyrant death, his union
 scorned,
 Defiantly he woo'd her on the bier,
 A broken heart confessed.

Though form be shrivelled as yon withered
 flower,
 His heart within—burns ever bright:
 And when it comes, that, which is Heaven's
 dower,
 To heart aweary of this mortal night,
 Will he spurn Heaven's best?

“THE STRAW LADY”

It was Winter when I left you,
It was Spring when I returned,
With the mellowness of Summer,
When I—your form discerned.

How you beautified the landscape
With such eyes, the bluest known,
And no mortal was more welcome
Than you—who came alone.

Were the birds through you enchanted?
Did the flowers know your tread?
Why did the sun's expiring beams
Suffuse your Golden head?

Was the homestead newly garnished ?
Was the brooklet laughing loud?
Why did the flowers in bright array
Uplight with beauty proud?

Was it because we met again
With a deeper Love for each?
Your lips are trembling with the tale,
Oh! Come my love and teach.

WITHERED FAME!

There is a field of wind-tossed flowers
 Somewhere—
 Where SHE, awaits in virginal hours,
 Somewhere!
 In my mind, she's the goal of my future
 aim,
 And the toil, and the troubles, that lead me
 to Fame
 Are nothing—if she will not gather the same
 Into her care.

There's a field all covered with snow
 Somewhere!
 Where the maid of my dreams is buried so
 low,
 Somewhere!
 There—my tears will fall on the ground that
 she trod,
 There—my lips shall press, yea that cruel sod,
 Till I meet her again in the Kingdom of God,
 Somewhere!

THE PASSING

My soul was in the eyes, which looked
Upon expiring day,
The vanished Sun, had been rebuked
For going on his way,
The Doctors whispered—as I lay
Upon my bed of pain,
I wonder what they had to say?
Would I see dawn again?

My rosy Nurse, pulls down the shade,
(The light seems going fast)
Yet somehow I am not afraid—
(This time 'twill be the last)
Your face Dear Heart, pervades my Soul.
Inspiring courage there,
What makes each Visitor, condole?
They sob, as if they care!

Sweetheart, how strange their bearing seems,
Do I deserve their tears?
Or have I seen these in my dreams,
Imagining their fears?
They could not know that You, and Me,
Had vowed that though apart,
We'd Live, and Love, 'till finally
Our Hearts, beat Heart to Heart.

Then why these fears about my Death?
Why is the Room so still?

Those Doctors hang above my breath
 (I'll bet I owe some Bill?)
 Your latest Photo, is too real!
 GREAT GOD! You seem to weep;
 There must be some mistake—I'll feel
 Much better after Sle-e-p?

L'envoi
 AT DAWN

His hands still held a Photograph,
 The Dawn was breaking high,
 His mouth seemed twisted for a laugh;
 But Death had been too sly.



A LOVE SONG

(To F. C.)

The roses are blooming, the clematis too,
O come, to the arbour with me;
And there sip the air as it fragrant blows thru,
For Summer is fleeting and man's years are
few;

Come! come! to your sweet destiny?

A story, I'd pour in your pink longing ears;
Can'st guess what its purport can be?
The love of a heart for the on-coming years,
To shatter misgivings, to dissipate fears,
And strength and devotion to thee?

That unspoken signal, the blush on your
cheek, .

Is answer enough on your part;
Your words may be lacking, but look! I will
seek

The visible treasures from whence you would
speak,

And draw the sweet "yes" from your heart.

THE RESCUE

I saw her on the sea shore,
 When the tide was coming in,
 Seeming most supremely happy
 (That is judging by her grin.)

For her task was building castles
 (Not the hackneyed ones of air)
 With the flotsam and the jetsam
 Which the waves, too, often spare!

'Twas a work of weird proportions,
 Which her chubby fingers built,
 With deep dungeons, and high towers,
 And grim sentries, at the tilt.

Reck'd the builder of her danger
 As the waves rushed to her feet?
 Judging by her rapt expression
 Her's had been the dryest seat.

Till a more presumptuous billow
 Knock'd her castle in her lap,
 Turn'd her topsy-turvy likewise,
 Tho' without the least mishap!

Ere she had a chance to wonder
 At the billow, "Oh—so rude!"
 She was crowing most delicious
 Into ears which understood.

How she hugged and kissed me fondly
 (Tho' the last were rather wild)
 But I liked them and repaid them,
 For the sprite was my own child.

POSTERITY'S LOSS

Immortal verse is ofttimes written
Within the mystic hours of night;
And strange to say they come unbidden,
Chef-d'oeuvres of poetic flight.

But Morpheus in a mood unwilling,
Denies the fruit the brain evolved.
The coinage of the poet's milling,
By day is currency desolved.

“TOO—LATE”

It is night there ; it is day here.
 And the Homesteads—wrapped in gloom—
 Yet—not wholly—see ! A flame clear :
 Brightens up a topmost room !
 There the rafters meet the sloping roof.
 There weird shadows—come—and go.
 There the boy weighed down—beneath re-
 proof—
 Was wont to pour his woe.

Nightly is the lamp relighted
 By fingers thin, and old—
 For the boy mayhap—benighted
 Shall this loving flame behold ?
 Nightly is he thus invited
 By the longing mother—there—
 Who would see her boy united
 To the tenor of her prayer.

It is night here ! It is day there !
 And the sun has paled the flame
 Mark ! The woman with the gray hair
 Bow'd—but not with mortal shame ?
 See ! The fingers cold and rigid meet
 As if just clasped in pray'r !
 A prayer mayhap incomplete. . . .
 For death !. . . has met her there.

Years and years of soul devotion.
Did the flaming signal bear.
All the gamut of emotion
Had in turn been in its flare.
Had received her aching—Longing—
Halloed—Consecrated Light!
In which her soul upward singing
Drew—her outcast—from the night.



IN MEMORIUM

“PEG”

Enwreathed with all the virtues of her sex,
 She lieth cold and still—
 Yet time and memory now bedecks
 Her fame with truer skill.
 This tongue had oft her virtues sang,
 Whilst she, yet stood beside,
 And all about her praises rang
 As one who grief defied.
 And now, she lieth cold and still,
 Gone—ere she lived her span,
 Obeying her Creator's will—
 Left me—at least—a man.

A VOICE FROM THE GUTTER

“Gee, but Christians are a bunch of Kidders,
Especially 'round Christmas day.
Dey hand out de gab, and dey considers
Dey done de right ting, in der way.
Dey even makes a point to get us kids,
Tickled to death with Christmas toys,
And dey slings a dinner dat really gives
Us Kids, the great high sign of joys.”

“Ah, Gawd, it don't seem fair dat dese high
ginks
Has dese—What we gets once a year.
Gee, wiz, they's always filled wid Eats and
Drinks,
Dey don't know emptiness down here!
I often tinks wen I aint got a bed
On winter nights, and I'm all cold;
If dere Gawd, yep, and my Gawd, wished me
dead
Because I didn't have their gold?”

“I aint de only kid in dis old town
Dat aint got fadders, and mudders too.
And say,—we help each other wen we're down
Praps taint much, but it sees us troo.
We ain't no Christians—for dat's but a word
Ginks, use in Bizness nowadays!
We ain't got eddication—'tain't occurred,
We goes de limit, dere we stays.”

“Dey won’t do nuttin’ for us? Shut yer jaw!
 I tinks I hear the gang yell out.
 I guess I’ll stop—and as dey says—withdraw.
 Because you’s got me dope, no doubt.
 So trow de glad hand out each Christmas day.
 You’ll find de bunch dere wid bells on.
 Praps some one dere, wid coin to spare—
 will pay
 For udder dinners wen dis one’s done.”



THROUGH FAILURE TO GOD

Where are the dreams of our yesterday?
Where the fruition of promised years?
Tell me the climax, be it what it may,
Is aught accomplished that my muse can re-
pay?
Speak, tho' my heart sears.

Thus questioned the spirit "of him" did re-
ply,
The dreams that you held were written in air,
The noblest in you, alas, did soon die,
And what is accomplished? Is told by your
sigh,
And brow lined with care.

E'er answer had ceased, his "best" conquered
him,
He knelt and he offered this fruit at God's
feet,
Nor offered insulting in sheer moments whim,
But forceful and earnest and unborrowed vim,
"Gave thanks for defeat."

IT'S WORTH WHILE

Nothing's gained by frowning;
Life is always crowning
Them who smile.
You confer a present
When you're acting pleasant
It's worth while.

Never think you're beaten
Just keep on repeatin'
"I must smile."
Fortune so arranges
That you get the changes
Up to style.

You have seen the weather
When you wished it better
Is it so?
Then the sun came shining
'Till your hope was climbing
In it's glow.

Don't give up, keep striving;
Others are deriving
From your smile.
All it's joyful sunlight
Will return to delight
You awhile.

THE DESERTER'S STORY

Whar yo manners, little nigger?
Wat yo standin' grinnin' at?
Is it kase I ain't de figure
Ob a landed plucarat?

R admit my present costume
Would discrepit any tramp
Somethin' like a homeless mushroom
R hab throbed in cold and damp.

Days, and days r had bin walkin'
Cross de Californy sands,
Wid no mate to shay ma talkin'
Sept the skies an lonely lands.

An dese tatters, that war blue once
Fo'r left the "golden gates"
Am as grey—an dat fo' some months
As mar welcome back to "States."

Yer 'r foght fo' Uncle Sam, Boy.
Many weeks in febered swamps
An' hab bin mar captains enboy
Tacking ulticums to camps.

It war when r bruff conditions
To a Philapino chief

Dat r habed de first subspicions
 Dat r oberstabed mar leaf.

She war sweetest of all wenchies,
 Dat mar nigger eyes did seen!
 Lodin rifles in de trenches,
 For de fightin' Philapine.

Uncle Sam, an army rations,
 R fogot day eber was!
 R war just plum full of passions
 (Dat is wat coon lub, soon does.)

Day, bar day, r tole her zactly
 How mar lub fo her jist growed—
 Wich she didn't think unlackly
 Leastwise so her actions showed.

Tho fo sure r had fogot ter
 Say, we spoke most wid r hans,
 Tho' at times—we hadn't gotta
 (Lub fines ways all understands.)

Den at last r dream war broken;
 An the next act war night-mare!
 An agen when r war woken—
 R war in mar regments care.

All de boys frum Ike, to Jacob,
 Kinder looked d odder way—
 Meanin ziff r'd sholy wake-up
 War the night am always day.

R were not kept long aguessin;
 First r knowed, day hab'd me dar

Not Afor r axed a bressin
Ob the Lord, dat rules mar star.

Thar day war about a table,
Genral, on de middle stool.
Put me powful mind ob Babel
Just lack chillerns abter school.

Then de genral, axed me sharply
“Why r habed turned traitor; so—
R tole him the truff perzactly
Jest as r hab let yo know.

Apter whis’prin many seconds
Day ’greed not to hab me shot!
Wich was berry kine r reckons
(Kase a libe coon’s worth a lot.)

Sum days apter r were lebin
All r lubed most in d worl,
Foe mar heart, was sorely greebin’
Fo mar Philopino gurl.

Wat yo sayin’, little nigger?
Wish to tack me to yo mam?
Sho yo jokin—didn’t yer snigger?
Wat’s that! Cum from Alabam?

Am yo Mammy’s name Elizer?
Well r nebber!—How youse growed!
I’s e yo uncle! dis ’ll s’prise her!
Tho fo sho r might hab knowed—
Tho-fo-sho-r-might-hab knowed!

LAUNCHED INTO LIFE

The clouds had gathered quickly in a sky of
Southern gloom,

When you, and I, my love, strolled by the sea;
The sands were firm beneath our feet, the
gulls in couples flew,
And youth—was in our hearts, and wild, and
free.

A barque upon the waters, drew our eyes
along its crests,

So valiantly she ploughed her way along,
That something which lay hidden—
Sprang to life within our breasts,
And echoed with the surf, its haunting song.

We marked her gallant bearing, as the seas
swept o'er her deck,

If you remember—we were ill at ease?
And marvelled why the typhoon, failed to
make of her a wreck,
And heard the sailors' cheers across the
breeze;

We watched her slowly fading with a "God's
speed on our lips,"

(Our hands together met as if by chance)
Then launched in life an argosy of love—
which did eclipse

Its rival, for the fair lands of romance.

TWO BIRTHDAYS

'Twas only a penny horn, on which to play,
A birthday present yet she feels as gay
As any daring truant stole from school:
A ricketty old table, bears her weight,
She's perched as any Goddess in her state,
Yet more secure, which does not prove the
rule.

Her poor surroundings cannot stem the joy
She gathers from her inexpensive toy,
Which issues blatant noises from her throat,
Her satisfaction is a sight to see,
Perhaps it rises from a melody,
Of her one gift; on which she seems to dote.

The other pampered child, has more than this,
No squalor taints this dainty chiffoned miss,
Yet tearful discontent o'er spreads her face,
Her birthday gifts are stacked up by the
score,

While toys, of great import, bestrew the
floor,

In fact for any more, there is no place.

The gift she longs for most, she won't con-
fess,

Is written in each act, in deed impress.
A sheer abandonment of heyday sport,
Her riches seem to cast a gulf between,

The free wild happiness that might have been,
Had she been nurtured with an humbler sort.

These verses merely tend to show that all
That's valued most, is not for beck and call.
For one has everything, the other naught:
On one a speck of dust you'd rarely find,
But on the other, dirt of every kind.

Then who shall say that happiness is bought?
One holds a tryant's sway in palace grand,
While everything is her's that thoughts com-
mand,

With willing slaves to hearken to her cry.
The other, is the secret guest of those
Strange folk, who wake the earth with each
day's close

Bestowing on her gifts, which none can buy.

DEEDS

One, never minds the slipping of mere pen-
nies, thru the fingers;
They are the sort of coin of which, no memory
takes count,
Unlike, the nobler metals, they seem not, true
pleasure bringers,
Because they lack the properties, which
make the pulses mount.
Were we to count each little thought, where
good was meant for someone,
Each pleasant smile, and hand clasp, which
were given in the day,
And ere sleep closed our eyelids, weigh the
fervent "thank-you's" hundrum
'Tis likely truer pleasure would our humbler
coin repay.

The little acts are noble, when 'tis seen 'twas
heart that prompted,
'Tis the sunshine in the action, that's wel-
comed e'er the coin,
But greater gifts are valueless, from nature's
crabbed and stunted,
Who did not wish the God-Speed, from the
heart, with gift to join.

THE ONLOOKER

When heart is young, and muscles strong,
And limbs uphold your sturdy grace,
And sauciness, and flippant song,
Prevent the wrinkles in your face.
Ah envy'd youth, we watch your pranks,
And tho' we feel at times the sting,
We yet acknowledge with our thanks,
The ecstasy that makes you sing.

We hope that when our own youth bloomed,
We gave the pleasure, which you give,
And pray that no "old Fogies" fumed,
Because like you, we tried to live.
Then sing away—let laughter free
Enlighten all your bright young years,
For laughter cannot always be,
Your cup of life—for future tears.

MEMORY'S VISION

(To "Peg.")

I love to sit in the gloaming,
With you, in my thoughts, in a dream,
The aftermath of my roaming,
In the glow of a friend's esteem.
Again to return to my romance—
And cull from its distant delight,
My shy hesitating advance
That made you so sweet to my sight.

'Tis then that I see you my Darling;
With your irrepressible charms!
Re-voicing the thought that was calling
My eager young Man-hood to arms!
But then, like a magical vision,
The scenes disappear from my view
Depicting Alas, my condition—
A Soul; that is still calling you.

SOME BLESSINGS—BUT—!..

Come, glance your eye along this line—
 “Peace on this Earth, good will to Man”
 The everlasting Christmas sign,
 Since this old Christian farce began,
 ’Tis framed and hung around the world,
 And petted as a mouthy phrase
 In pulpit oratory, hurled
 In fact a yearly standard craze.

The autocrat all sung will deign
 To visit in his car that day,
 An Exemployee racked with pain,
 And tender him some held out pay;
 Then tingling with his charity
 He seeks the warmth before his hearth
 And beams upon his family
 The essence of “Good will on Earth.”

The snow may fall, the wind may blow,
 But all is peace and mirth within,
 While there—without, a starved scarecrow
 Goes on his way—with bitter grin;
 He knows the text—he’s read it well,
 It haunts him as he fights the gale,
 That takes him to the mouth of Hell!
 And makes another morning tale.

The churches fill with fashion’s throngs,
 And equipages line the streets,

And congregations move their tongues,
As ministers each prayer repeats,
“Oh Lord, give us our daily bread”
The kneeling Congregation Pray
While for its lack—a spirit’s fled,
Upon this festive human day.

The pinched, and starved and worn out frame,
Of mothers, nursing babes at breast,
The cast-off “magdalene’s” of shame,
Beholding, suicide at best,
The skulking thief thru lack of aid,
Who steals perhaps to save someone,
The city’s urchins undismayed,
Who face man’s lot, ere childhood’s done.

So hang aloft your scripted texts,
And give, and take, as custom says,
And hide your worldly wise defects
Behind the sanctity of praise;
For be it known each new Yule-Tide
Will lessen much of this your mirth,
For He, who in His anguish cried
Those words— Left mockery on earth.



LIFE SHOPPING

On the shopping side of Broadway,
Where the Girls, walk up, and down,
I love to catch the flitter
Of a pretty smile, or frown.
I like to mingle in the crush.
And sniff a rare perfume
Somehow it seems much better
Than the confines of my room.

It seems there must be others too—
Like me—who do not shop?
For they wander in, and out the crowd,
And very rarely stop!
It sets me thinking now, and then,
That things are out of gear.
That gives such happiness to some,
While others lack the cheer.

Why should we hesitate, or lack
Those human qualities?
When with a smile, or little tact
We show those tendencies
Which makes the World go round with joy,
And lifts the fallen hope
Of some poor, devil who becomes
A Weakling without scope?

THE TROUBADOR'S BALLAD

My love, is a maiden tall,
Graceful and fair.
Her song, is "Philomel's" call,
Thrilling the air.

My love, is a wild fragrant flower,
Who drunkens the Eve.
With such glorious youth to endower,
The one to receive.

And the breeze as it passes, whispers
Go not, 'neath her glance.
They're lit with strange fires at vespers,
That lover's entrance.

And once in her magic vision,
No efforts avail.
Her beauty is sure to imprison,
For man is but frail.

She promised to ope to my sight
Her love, long denied.
The omens are fraught with delight;
The Day, has just died.

OUR NATIONAL OATH

I'll do "my bit"
 And try and fit
 Into the scheme of things,
 By off'ring 'Self,
 If not this Pelf,
 To feel the joy it brings.

Shall I stand by
 While others try
 To serve "OLD GLORY" now—
 In this WORLD WAR,
 Now at our door,
 With "Slacker" on my brow?

Suppose we're old?
 Let's give what Gold
 We can to heal a wound,
 And by it give
 So one, may live
 To crown our Battle Ground!

Let's till the Soil
 Thru this turmoil,
 And lessen Europe's plight;
 With Brawn, and kind—
 Be of one mind—
 Prepared to win this fight.

A Wartime poise
Won't help our boys
As driving rivets will!
With Ships, and Guns,
To shatter "Huns!"
These are the things that thrill!

Let Nation's see
That Liberty—
Is not an empty boast!
But forceful, when
Backed up by Men,
All doing their utmost.

MEN, shall be freed!
Is now our creed,
Against oppressive might.
Do what we can,
As Man, to Man.
Establishing that right.

Let's serve with DEED.
Our COUNTRY'S need.
Until SHE, says "WELL DONE!"
Let's not Hurray—
'Till we repay
The Kaiser, and we've won.

LIVE—LET LIVE

Will you let me blossom wildly,
 'Neath the genial orb of day:
 Resting on my Mother's bosom
 Proud and gay?

Why should I be plucked haphazard,
 Torn from all I love the best:
 For a moment's approbation
 From her breast?

Removed from haunts of infancy
 To be placed in Lady's bower:
 Soothing her aesthetic senses
 For an hour?

I, as you, have earthly mission:
 Mine, to sooth the jaded eye,
 In a natural short existence
 Ere I die.

Will you see me in my sweetness
 Proud with beauty trod upon?
 Won't you let me for my brief life
 Feel the Sun?

TO SOME ONE

I look into your pleasing face,
In which I see a spark,
Which tells me earth is but a place,
Whereon you've set your mark.

For angels are the sprites I see,
In every changing look—
The creatures of my phantasy,
The ideals of a book.

Thus Dear, would I, if fate were kind
Bask in your every mood,
Would seek the beauties of your mind,
And from yourself, steal good.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

(To "Coffee Dan's")

The night before St. Patriek's Day,
 (When I'd been—well, a trifle gay)
 A restaurant got in my way—
 So I went in.
 A 'stumbling down its yawning stairs,
 At first, forsooth, I put on airs—
 The sort that Eva Tanquay wears (!)
 Also a grin.

I heard a thousand dishes rattle;
 I heard ten-seore gay voices prattle;
 I watched them o'er their "ham-and"
 battle—
 Then sat down.
 Of joy no sign was lacking there;
 Enough there was and some to spare;
 The like I've ne'er seen anywhere
 In this old town!

The while I dined, without a pause
 The laughter grew. I sought the cause
 And asked, to find out where I was,
 My waiter man.
 Behind a smile but poorly hidden
 He answered: "Say, bo, nothin' diddin'!
 You never heard—say, kwitcher kiddin'!
 Of "COFFEE DAN?"

Enlightened thus, I gazed around
Amazed that, somehow, now I found
A friendliness in every sound

 About the place;
I understood this brotherhood,
And sisterhood in genial mood—
Now part of it, I saw the good
 In every face.

Celebrity, and ne'er-do-well,
Rubbed elbows there, beneath the spell
Conviviality doth dispel

 In such a throng
While genius bright, and scribe obscure,
And high and low, and rich and poor,
Surrendered to the joyous lure
 Of jest and song.

Each seemed to feel an evening spent
To gain a surfeit of content—

Each seemed to feel an evening spent
 Exchanging wit
And swapping ideas with "the boys"
Would hold far more than passing joys—
Would broaden views and deepen poise
 A little bit.

Three hours slipped by! I rose to go—
I'd learned the lesson; now I know
Why o'er those tables high and low
 As one should meet.

I clasped the right hand of Mine Host,
And knew 'twas "COFFEE DAN'S" that
 most

Deserved old San Francisco's toast:

“Let's go and eat!”

Then here's a health to “Coffee Dan,”

And ‘J.J.’ too, and all their clan!

Now—bottoms up! Let all who scan

This dissertation

Seek out forthwith this same retreat

(You'll find it on O'Farrell street)

And when you've found it—“go and eat”

To satiation!



THE SONG OF THE HILLS

Oh! give me the hills, with a soul-giving
 breath,
The heather that rustles below,
Away from the murkid, the City's pent
 Death,
That skulks in the Noon, and the glow.

Oh! give me the flowers, all coyfully blushing,
At Him, who lies there, in their midst:
With the songs of the warblers, all artlessly
 gushing,
With the fragrance from Earth, on his lips.

Oh! give me the leisure, to dwell there forever,
To bury the dull cares of Life:
To feel that my fingers can pluck whatsoever
Of beauties so temptingly rife.

FULFILLMENT

I mourn each minute that is wasted now,
 I seek to have you treading Cupid's path,
 And wish my love your whole life to endow,
 So that our present—bring no aftermath.

I'd love you as I would a little child,
 And still regard you as the girl you are,
 And foster you thru all my passions wild,
 Or linger on your brightness set afar.

It matters not if you be far or near,
 The longing in our hearts will always meet;
 In each, our understanding will enrear
 Such scenes, that will make our hopes seem
 more sweet.

FANCY, THE GARDEN OF HOPE

Come, wander with me in a rose scented clime,
And give but a tithe of your much wasted
time :

The beauties of nature are there manifold,
Those breathing it's essence will never grow
old.

The body may waste in the cycle of years,
Unhastened by travail; or worries, or fears,
But the heart, ah! the heart, will retain it's
true youth,

And minist'ring angels will guard it from
ruth.

Then wander with me, leave the sordid behind,
And garner the heart with the fruits of the
mind.

This garden of joy caters most to the soul,
The carnal, though there, is a grain of the
whole :

Delight follows delight, in this ecstatic glade,
All peopled from visions 'neath each pleasing
shade.

And ever it is, yea an Eden most fair,
Exceeding one's dreams, be they drastic
or rare,

For hope, is the garden my muse would de-
pict,

Where mortals may pluck with no fear to
restrict :

Then wander with me, leave the sordid be-
hind,

And garner the heart with the fruits of the
mind.

THE SHIELD'S REVERSE

The wounded bird whose song is hushed :
 The wilted drooping of a flower :
 A goodly inspiration crushed :
 A sunny temper turned to dour :
 All these are links to black despair,
 All dead—because beyond repair.

A kindly thought, it wots not where,
 A tender look, a friendly lift :
 A little act of grace to spare,
 For human flotsam cast adrift.
 These are the things that judge us when
 We leave these tribunals of men.

LOST PARADISE

I had pined and sighed for a flower,
A flow'r to press to my breast.
So that it would live and endower
My heart which had borne long unrest.

I waited, and waited, and waited,
And wondered if after it all
My longings would ever be mated
To ONE, who would answer my call.

The gray in my head quickly gathered,
My nights were as toneless as lead,
The hope inspiration had fathered
Had left me in despair instead.

'Till one night in feverish dreaming—
I saw in a Desert a flow'r,
I plucked it, and kissed you in seeming!
You lay on my heart for an hour.

The day came apace, but not joyless,
I reached for your soul thru the void,
Your Own, understood Cupid's Wireless,
Our natures became overjoyed.

We met and we slaked—where we thirsted!
But Fate's stern decree—now Alas!
Has sundered our bliss—how I nursed it,
I had it, and now see it Pass!

CUPID'S IRONY

(To G. W.)

I have a rare Carnation, which
Has blood red stripes against its white.
It holds a treasure more than rich,
It is a storehouse of delight.

I watched "MY FAIR" for one full hour,
Bestow her lips, with reckless care
In fragrant kisses on that Flow'r
When my Soul, thirsted for a share.

She must have read my wild desire,
For presently her Finger tips,
Pressed in my hand the Flow'r of fire,
Whose Heart, retained her flaming lips.

'Twas all, and now I strive to strain
Her careless, given wasted bliss.
That in this fragrant tomb remain,
To feel them there—nor gain a Kiss?

INCONSTANCY

You will enveigle and ensnare my heart,
And make me live a few choice hours of bliss,
Then leave me all alone—a thing apart—
With empty days to follow for each kiss.

How long can youth retain its thrilling quest
When such as you, with motives false, con-
strue

Your fancy, for the real thing in your breast,
And steal the best, I have to offer you?

Some puny years, and then age will o'er come
The masterful resource of Lover's prime,
And vacant nights and haunting day will
sum

The recompense I face for future time.

DON JUAN'S REFORM

With bold insistance he pleaded,
 With magic fire in his voice,
 Till weak she yielded,
 This sweet surrender, he unheeded;
 His object gained—could not rejoice
 At power he wielded.

She! swift to read his thoughts, and meaning,
 Before her lips had paid him toll—
 Swiftly retreated!
 He! startled from his conscious preening,
 Resue'd with all his ardourous soul,
 Because defeated.

And now—when she, sweet temptress proffers
 Her girlish lips to meet his own,
 Quite shy, he falters—
 But man-like, takes the sweets she offers,
 Returning his—as incense thrown
 Upon love's altars.

THE INVALID

I saw you lying there exquisite—delicate.
About you Flowers lazy as your languor,
You welcomed me—and tho' we had but met,
You bared your Soul in unassuming candour.
The fragrant linen that you lay between
Was not more snowy than your peeping
 breast,
Somehow it seemed FATE painted me a
 scene
So vivid that 'twould tantalize my rest.

Your satin whiteness, and your hectic cheek,
Almost like Marion Marble did appear.
But these were aides, when once I heard you
 speak,
As Music your voice sounded to my Ear.
I seemed to lose the thought that you were ill,
For how could one so sweet, and frail as you
Be so, unless the weakness of your will
Desired the very thing you hid from view?

DESOLATION

The season is o'er,
 The children no more
 Dig holes in the sand, or disport :
 The waves out of tune,
 Bewail 'neath the moon,
 The spirits, who erst paid them court.

No more is the sound
 Of revelry found
 From end to the end of the beach.
 Excepting the sweep
 Of the incoming deep,
 That my thoughts in full unison reach.

UNSPOKEN

(To D. K.)

It isn't the things that we do
That lasts until memory's end,
Its the light which you cannot subdue,
The hidden desire of a friend.

It isn't the things you have said,
I bury in Life's treasure-Chest,
'Tis the wish that flickered, and fled
From Eyes, with a secret—confessed.

YOU WON F-A-M-E

I saw your latent talent bud,
 I watched you from afar,
 Beheld you breast "Dame Fortune's" flood,
 And rise to be a Star.

I heard your praise on every side,
 And Grinned within my soul,
 They knew not that your part belied,
 The acting of your Role.

You cared not how I spent those nights,
 As you went blazing on—
 Aspiring to "Electric lights"
 That finally you won.

You gained the goal! but lost the pow'r
 To thrill this heart of mine,
 You threw away Life's golden Dow'r
 For plaudits for a time.

LANGUAGE OF THE EYES

If your eyes would respond to mine,
Each time you pass me by,
'Twould lightsome make the irksome time
That hangs so—how I try.

Each message there would thrill your soul,
For love, is what they speak,
With scenes of joy beyond control
To beautify your cheek.

Then come, sweet student whilst I teach
The language of my eyes,
'Twill place a bliss within your reach,
On which—but Cupid spies.

WHAT WAS

How wondrous is a maiden's smile,
 How lovely her embrace?
 How tender her unpracticed guile
 To hide that—in her face?

What man can still his thrilling soul
 When her face bends to his?
 Suffused with blushes—past control,
 To him what Heaven is?

Ah me! in this I envy those
 Who have—yet waste their bliss!
 Once also—I had plucked a rose!
 Now dreams return me this.

THE LOVE FLOWER

(To F. C.)

Love is a flaming, scarlet flow'r,
Which lifts its head to each day's sun,
But stormy skies bewanes its pow'r,
So that its beauty is undone.

Most rare, when one of stronger stem,
Invites the rays, resists the storms,
Stands dauntless in each weather'd realm,
Attaining strength that patience forms.

So love can ne'er in pow'r wane,
That laughs to scorn the sombre grey;
It lives thro' ecstasy of pain,
And steals the sunshine from the day.

PUPPY LOVE

When youth and hot blood fill'd your veins,
 When blackest clouds looked bright,
 When body recked not of its pains,
 And muscles burst for fight,
 'Twas then! that love appeared in sight
 That youth, forgot his youth,
 And found his passioned heart ignite
 His soul in flaming truth.

His sports of boyhood flung aside,
 The old joys cast away;
 He lived his new life with a pride
 No time could then delay,
 He had not felt as yet the sting—
 That comes the lover's way;
 His song, was not as yet on wing,
 He knew not of that day.

Then came the crash, his castles fell,
 She left him with a smile—
 And scorn—and merriment as well,
 Her answer—to his guile,
 She told him, he was but a boy,
 And should be in knee pants,
 And further said in accents coy,
 "I'll be one of your aunts."

THE ROAD TO POLLY'S HEART

My sister Poll has a new young man
Who comes a courting her:
Each time he comes he bows, and smiles,
And 'dresses me as "Sir."
But the other one, she had before,
Took liberties enough,
He'd pat my head, and give me "sweets,"
Such nasty, sticky stuff!

He used to place me on his knee,
And call me "Mamma's Boy"
And told me I resembled "Poll,"
As if that was a joy?

'Tis for that, I like the "new one," best,
He knows my worth, I'm sure,
He speaks to me as man-to-man!
With ways I can endure.

And before he went away last night,
He loaned me half a "Dol"
Now isn't that enough to prove,
He ought to have our "Poll?"

So I told her if she wanted him,
I'd willingly she would:
She got hysterical at that,
Could she have understood?

THE SECRET

'Tis a cultivated habit,
 When you're writing Poetry,
 When you get a thought, just grab it
 Keep it as your company.
 And drink with it, and think with it,
 Until It says "Yours Truly."

When you have it well subjected
 To your way of thinking it,
 Get it lined up, and connected
 To a lot of Rhymes, and Wit.
 The balance comes just natural,
 In time you'll find a Quorum,
 Who will exclaim—"How wonderful"
 That's all—you've done a Poem.

“I’M JUST A VALENTINE”

(To Jeannette)

I’m just a simple Valentine !
I come when, e’re I can,
And try to brighten with sunshine
The heart, of maid and man.
I give what joy I can employ
All seasons of the year,
And make them vouch, I kill their grouch !
Whenever I am near.

I represent the greatest Game,
Since Adam won his suit,
The Formula is just the same
That Lovers institute.
Perhaps the rules may vary, but—
The moth will chase the flame,
And offer everything he’s got
To make her take his name.

For I’m the little Valentine
Who travels to that heart of thine
And makes it young again
The Post cards at the stationer
Will prove I’m love’s commissioner
No one seeks me in vain.
Now change your frown, lets see you smile
And squeeze your lady’s hand awhile—
She’ll snuggle to your side,
That’s lesson number one your on,
The rest will follow when that’s done.
Now arn’t you glad you tried ?

“I’LL RETURN”

Good bye, California!
 I am going to the North,
 Where the frozen earth is waiting
 To have her gold brought forth.
 There in its icy fastness,
 I’ll toil both night, and day,
 To pan the earth,
 For all she’s worth,
 Until I make her pay.

Good bye, California!
 I’ll be gone a year, or two,
 But When I’m tired of slaving,
 I’ll sure come back to you.
 Then in your fields of Poppy,
 With God’s sunshine above,
 I won’t be slack
 In paying back
 My debt to you—in Love.

THE EMPIRE CITY

Great City of despair, and bliss.
When far away—I think of you,
And every hour that I miss
Somehow reveals a clearer view
Of all your rottenness, and throbb,
Of Millionaires, of overnight!
Of hungry wastrels, lacking jobs,
All scrambling in the upward fight.

If pity is within your ken,
'Tis hidden deeply out of sight,
Your checker-board is played with men,
Who strove by day—to pass by night.
Your Parks, and Tenements attest
Your attitude of—“WE SHOULD CARE”
Your Christian charity professed,
Is greatly tinged with—“Laissez faire.”

With hectic fever in your veins,
You festered in your poisoned self,
You sweated hearts to suit your gains,
You deified the God of Pelf.
You tainted Souls, and Flesh for lust,
You wallowed in unholy fires,
Your blatant creed—“IN GOD WE TRUST”
But falsified your crude desires.

THE CITY'S CRY

Across the cold bleak Park—at dark
 The shivering wretches go;
 No home is their's—nobody cares
 What brought them to their woe.
 The icy wind may dogg their steps,
 And pierce each ragged rent,
 Yet who will stop to probe the depths,
 Or give a brief content ?

What—ere their haste—it is but waste
 Of strength to move on faster;
 When warmth is brief—and Death—the thief!
 That night may prove their master;
 Their aimless, faltering limbs may give—
 Their bodies crave for food,
 Yet cynics say—"Why should they live?
 On Earth—what is their good?"

Why don't they work—Why do they shirk
 The duties of existence?
 This easy slips—from rich men's lips—
 Who never worked! for instance!!
 Their very critic's are the first—
 (These parvenues of pleasure)
 To make the wrecks—their lips have cursed,
 So, pouring out Hell's measure.

Yet we concede—there is a Breed
 Of wastrels in this City—
 Who can but blame, their own ill fame,
 If they receive no pity—
 Yet, even such, are souls from God—
 "Ours" come from that same mould,
 Then, will we have that "Eye" record,
 "We left them in the cold?"

VACATION

It is raining like the Devil, and the lake has
gained an inch,
And the frogs which are not croaking, are
all "croaked," that is a cinch!
The trees are weeping bucketfuls, as the tears
descend their limbs,
While the Congregation in the Church are
howling Neptune's hymns;
The minister is scorching hot, for he alone
seems dry,
And the sparrows on the steeple—for that
reason hovers nigh,
The grass has got a "souse on"—while the
roads have got the mud,
While one optimistic fishing "guy," believes
there'll be a flood;
The flowers act like Debutantes—they droop
in wilted rows,
As if they had been out all night in soiled,
disordered clothes.
The vines are madly clinging to our very
leaky porch
As their only place of refuge from the cloud-
burst's last debauch;
Our pup seems full of ginger—and the old
dog's full of fleas,
But sanguine for the future lies the cat upon
my knees.

In fact all nature seems a tank, with empha-
 sis on tank!
 Which enters every knot-hole-crack and
 makes mere speech a blank!
 We dare not read our newspaper for fear our
 eyes might tire
 But seek out Life-Belts-Rafts and such, to
 start a little fire,
 Then find our stove has vanished—like most
 everything—gone out!
 Except some floating cabbages that turned to
 sauer kraut.
 At last the flood retires with grace, and takes
 the garden too,
 And we begin all over—as it were—start Life
 anew—

“THE TRIMMERS”

Say, Lizzie, spot the “Sucker”
Wid the “Cabbage” in his Coat.
He tinks he’s some “swell looker,”
Let’s try an get his “Goat?”
You play the Country Orphan.
Who wants ter see the sights,
Leave me do all the “coughin’ ”
Den see how quick he “bites?”

Get busy on the “showers,”
Dis gets dem on the “jump,”
Den I will use me powers
Perhaps I’ll turn a “trump”
“Biz,” is on the “fare-you-well,”
An so is me inside.
“Eaten Joints,” dey ain’t in HELL!
An hunger has no pride.

Why wat’s the matter, LIZZIE?
Yer weepin’ on the square,
Just wen we should get busy
Yer turn me down fer fair.

.

Hey, Mister, Wat’s yer hurry?
(Say, Liz, he’s goin’ ter stop!)
Now pipe me trim me Quarry,
Suppose he is a “Cop?”
Gee whiz, He ain’t no “Piker!”

He's smilin' in me Face,
 (Dat makes him look just-like-yer)
 He's wat I calls an "ACE."

(I'm done, you've won me Hero,)
 I get it on the "blink."
 Me hopes are down ter zero
 "YOURS TRULY," hits a drink.
 Good bye LIZ, I will leave yer
 To start another hunt,
 But don't leave him deceive yer
 Because he "wears a Front."

.

I'm off ter grab another.
 (Stop Spoonin' in the Street)
 GREAT GAWD! the Guy's yer BROTHER?
 Good Night . . . I'm off me "Beat."

CONVINCING HERSELF

“I cannot see why I should be
Your Darling Amouretta?
When with my own ‘Affinity,’
I certainly do much better.
Your Bank account is rather Nil,
And tho you are much younger,
This will not pay the Grocery Bill—
Or keep ‘Sweet Me,’ from hunger.”

“You know of course I like to dress,
And keep right to the minute.
If you had money, I confess
I’d eagerly begin—it.
But what’s the use in mincing things—
(Altho we like each other)
But no degree of wishing brings
Results that ends the bother.

“So why go on—let’s say Good Bye?
Or else I’m sure to falter,
You realize I’ve got to try
To be firm as ‘Gibralta?’
Farewell Sweetheart! Yes—just one kiss.
’Twill help us to remember—
An incident, we both will miss—
OH DARLING! I surrender!

“WRITING HOME”

“The tricks of wicked men I met,”
 Wrote—Angelica Brown.
 “ ’Twas something terrible, you bet,
 The moment I reached Town.
 They seemed to spot me right away—
 As coming from Squeedunk.
 And did their level best to pay
 For Drinks to get me drunk.”

“One flashing Sport, with Diamond Studs,
 said—‘Kiddo you for me’
 Instead of wine, he ordered ‘Suds’
 I quit his company.
 And then a Mine Promoter said—
 ‘Where goest thou sweet Maid?
 Join me, we’ll paint this old Town Red’
 I didn’t like his trade!”

“At last, I met a ‘wiser One,’
 I guessed this from his ‘Roll’
 He introduced me to his son,
 Who needed much control.
 I married him to keep him in?
 This fact he couldn’t learn.
 But I should worry I’ve got ‘Tin’
 Good bye, I’ll not return.”

A BAD BARGAIN

Strangely I sought you,
Lovingly brought you,
Into my Palace of dreams.
Placed you, enshrined you,
Then couldn't find you
Help-Mate to waken my themes.

I didn't need you,
As a new Bijou.
Tend'ring delight to my blood!
Now if I grieve you,
Yes—or deceive you—
Why have you misunderstood?

POSTPONED

Were you ever melancholy,
 With a fit of Blue's that fully
 Made you feel the World was rotten
 To its core?
 When you didn't feel quite certain
 "Whether you would drop the curtain,"
 Knowing you would be forgotten
 From Life's shore ?

Have you watched the Dawn's horizon,
 As you held a deadly Poison,
 With the knowledge you were using
 It to go?
 Yet somehow a feeling stronger
 Made you wait a little longer—
 Or a thought perhaps amusing—
 Held you so?

'Till at last the Sun came peeping
 From the East and started steeping
 All the World with warmth and gladness
 In sunshine.
 Then you felt another Being
 With your other—Self, agreeing
 That a former deadly madness
 You'd decline.

Sprucing up, a habit Daily,
 You outdo yourself, and gaily

Saunter to the Business section,
All agrin,
There, with energetic ardor,
You will keep on striving harder
'Till you soar above dejection,
And you WIN.



THE EASY ROAD

The easiest thing in all this world
 When all is said and done,
 Is to feel yourself slip backward
 From a point your courage won.

It has no paths that backward stretch,
 The road is short and straight,
 It glitters mostly all the way,
 But at the end—waits Fate.

The start once made, bends strongest wills
 To gratify desires,
 To temporize with follied vice,
 And strange illicit fires.

THE WAGER

“Of course I’ll play a game of Whist,
With one proviso. I am kissed,
If we should win?”

His words were for the Lady fair,
Who was to be his partner there.

“So Let’s begin.”

The cards were dealt, and Heart, was Trump.
Which made the little Lady jump
Across from Him;

He, hadn’t one of that red suit,
His Heart was low, his Tongue was mute,
She, played with vim.

She led the Ace of Hearts, and He,
Regained his heart, immediately
With every Trick.

Six leads in that Trump suit was led,
He made the odd one, then He said
“HEARTS, win out quick!”

“I’ve won the Wager now by right
But will not claim the sweet delight
Your Lips, molest.

I thought you could not play the Game?”

SHE, blushed and murmured,—“Its the
same—

I, played my BEST.”

STAR DUST

I've known many girls who have charmed
me awhile

But none whom I've known can profess
To have the far-reaching infectuous smile
Of "dream girls" sweet wireless caress—
It puts me in mind of the lull after storm
When the day, is refreshed by the sun.
When the chill gives way to a latitude warm,
That makes your blood tingle and run.

Then should you be lucky as my present case;
To chatter while holding her hand!
And watch the rose painting each blush on
her face

In language sweethearts understand!
Then you—have perception to know what I
feel

Each time I perceive her afar—?
I follow unerring the human appeal. . . .
As star dust, will follow the star.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

What would you do if Fate were kind
And gave you what you desired
In gold, and fame, and a mind inspired—
To better the thing that you find?

What would you do if adversity came
And stripped you of all you possessed
Taking from you the ultimate quest
Of living to glory your name?

What would you do if your last hope had fled
And thrown you a wreck on Life's shore—
Would you remain or struggle some more—
Creating a new light instead?

What would you do—as you struggled above
The shackles of grim circumstance
Your all had been lost—yet by merest chance
Your heart gained a kingdom of love?

What would you do—with material fame
With riches, and glory, and such;
Would you discard them for one kindly touch
Of lips joined to yours—all aflame?

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Some day our men of capital
 Will meet their Waterloo.
 At that time it will be "Say Pal
 Let me divide with you."

The ancient formula will change
 "What can I do you for"
 When intellect shall find its range
 Thru knowledge of this war.

Labor's voice will be upheld
 By present profiteers—
 Its potency is now corralled—
 To profit coming years.

THE REASON

Every now and then of course,
Like the best of men
I am guided by a force
That makes me seize a pen.

With no thought to perpetrate
A sentimental thought—
Such things I try to execrate—
Too oft they come to naught.

But somehow much against my will
This pen will trace a word
That makes me but a victim still
From memories that stirred!

And tho I do my best to quit
What I am thinking of
As sure as fate my pen writes it—
Another ode to Love.

So why blame my Poetic muse?
(I sympathize with you)
The check I seek is my excuse—
Get you my point of view?

MY ANSWER

You ask me if I miss you—?
 When the sky is dark o'er head,
 When the sun shines not anew,
 And the warmth of spring has fled.

You ask me if I miss you—?
 When the birds refuse to sing—
 The olden sweetness that I knew,
 That hearts attuned will bring.

You ask me if I miss you?—
 As I sit alone and think,
 And dash from weary eyes the dew,
 Which came from sorrow's brink.

You ask me if I miss you?—
 Yet you glance to skies above!
 Beholding its untroubled blue,
 As blemishless as love.

You ask me if I miss you?—
 Will a babe refuse the breast?
 If so—I do not need you
 My longing is confessed.

“PASS OUT CHECKS”

This Effusion is Dedicated to “Col.”
Jack Doyle.

Just a few are missing, Jack!
Who are never coming back!
Yes—they passed out, with the “FLU”
And, you’ll miss your friends, won’t you?
Some, were Yearly Ticket Holders,
Thorough Sports, good “Scouts” and Sol-
diers.

Every Tuesday night they sought
Action in the Fistic Sport,
In your cosy, snug Arena,
Where the Game could not be cleaner.

Now—somehow with poetic view,
I see them calling back to you,
From where they are in Spirit-Land,
In language you will understand.
“SAY, COLONEL! THROW ’EM OUT!
“GIVE US AN EXTRA BOUT!
“WHERE DID CHER PICK ’EM UP?
“GEE WHIZZ, HERE COMES THE
COP!”

And so, Friend Jack—from where you sit,
If you feel things! You must admit—
’Tis “Doc” or “Ben” or “Dick” or “Ike”
All slinging tips, you’re bound to like.
And though Each one went out with “FLU”
They’re back again to see anew,
From where they are! (without Admission)
The Game go on in good condition.

MOTHER

(To the C—— Family.)

You did not fail us as wee bairns,
 We rushed to you with each complaint.
 You spread that tender love—that yearns
 In Mothers' Eyes—which Artists paint.

We leaned on ev'ry word you said,
 As we sprang from the fledging form
 So thru your guidance we were led
 Secure, and safely thru each storm.

Our griefs, and joys you made your own,
 As we bloomed to maturity,
 To you we bared our hearts—alone,
 Immune in our security.

You did not hesitate to give
 Your efforts, Life, and tenderness—
 So that your brood of Loved-ones live
 Without you, in this wilderness.

A CONTRETEMPS

A winesome little Modiste—and a sprucey city clerk,
Determined to get married, but to keep the matter dark,
So they took a day's vacation from their respective labors,
And met, and squandered recklessly much money on odd capers.

They decided with a zeal beyond the bounds of married state,
To enjoy a last vacation e'er they went to seal their fate,
So with hearts attuned to highest pitch, they started on their way,
(The writer here must state the fact, that both seemed rather gay.)
Towards dusk, they changed their plans, so they sauntered in a park,
Here a fascinating Siren gave her eyes a little lark.
Their glances met, his color rose, she coyly veiled her own,
While he quite flabbergasted, tried the whole thing to disown.

(The writer here must interrupt—it slipped his mind before,

That the Modiste had been left by will, a mile
 of barren shore,
 He would not have the reader place upon this
 too much weight
 But for purposes of history, these facts, he
 must relate.)
 Now it seems our dainty heroine, full con-
 scious of her worth,
 Had seen this coquetry of eyes, with feelings
 far from mirth,
 When Presto! like a lightning flash, so quick
 it came alas!
 She saw her lover as he was—the gold had
 turned to brass.

She would have left him there and then—
 contempt enwreathed her face,
 (The writer here must emphasize, they'd
 reached a lonely place)
 No vulgar eyes were there to note the rift
 within the lute—
 ('Tis sad to contemplate the useless plead-
 ings of a suit?)

He prayed her by that love she'd had for him
 (an hour before—)
 To overlook his darkened past, which he did
 so deplore!
 He knelt upon the verdant sward before his
 Idol's feet,
 (And used such burning phrases—that his
 lips turned dry from heat.

Not all his fairy eloquence could move that
 stony breast,

She told him in some chosen words—his suit
 was misaddressed,
That—perhaps some day he'd find a wife
 upon a lower level,
(Which made him feel somehow that she—
 had sent him to the Devil.

She flung his ring before him (it was much
 too large for her)
With a grace the stage might copy, the
 writer does aver!)
And with superb indifference—which tilted
 her pert nose,
She left her stricken lover there—a cynic,
 fledged—morose!

The writer could, were he disposed, continue
 this adventure—
But like a wise man does refrain—before he
 merits censure,
He winds up with a moral, to prove he isn't
 careless
Control your features on the Day you wed a
 pretty heiress!

LIFE'S TRUEST NOTE

The World looked on and marvelled as he
sang

This singer rare, whose notes they newly
hear :

And breathless on its golden timbre hang
Enraptured from the spell, their visions rear ;
Its piercing volume wakened many a pang
That long had slumbered in their beds of
drear,

For they perceive the source from whence it
sprang,

And through this knowledge, shed their cold
vener.

How else should happy heart, but wake to
song !

Which bears the impress of the victor strong
Whose many notes are gladdened from love's
store ?

Dispensing joy to that vast gala throng
Who heard their own heart's story from his
tongue

Which lightened many hearts, but burdened
more.

FAME RENEWED

An artist to his poet friend
Said, "Let me draw a sketch of thee,
Thy strain may linger to the end,
Sweet songs to cheer posterity
If I your attributes attend."

The poet loath to baulk such aim,
Yet shy, assumed a tragic pose:
Said—"As you say—come draw this frame!
And let it through your pencil grow,
A shrine whereon to build you fame."

Years speeded by, to dust both are,
The poet's song had ceased to cheer,
'Till Lo! a whisper spread afar
That once an artist did enrear
His genius to each soaring star.

The whisper grew—anon was found
"The" sketch all mildewed, hid away.
Great critics came and gazed spellbound:
'Till now their resting place looks gay,
With Floral Tributes all around.

THE LONE SIGNALLER

A painful feeling as of smold'ring fires,
 An empty void that cries aloud its need,
 A throbbing brain which sees in its desires,
 A signal waved without the mate to read.
 Beholding—yet despairing to be freed,
 His loneliness a stigma to his sires,
 Impotent his Man's longings vainly plead,
 For that sweet soul to urge where he aspires.

Why is it some have all, and others none?
 Is not his love as pure, as sweet, as true?
 Do not his eyes beam Hope, where others
 rue?
 Why has he failed, when lesser men have
 won?
 Do others gain, because they dare, and do?
 Then why not He—Has he not asked, and
 done?

“THE NE’ER DO WELL”

Heigh, Ho! for the life of the “young shoot”
is merry,

A life full of changes, a strenuous life,
Pursuing the pleasures that olden days bury,
Contemning the weakness of worry, and
strife.

On fair English shire, or the wild rolling
prairie,

A spendthrift at home, but a rancher afar:
The first to face danger, his good pluck will
carry

Him dashing thru all, for his hopes above par.

At home in the clime of the torrid, or frozen,
On high mountain peak, or the valley beneath,
Out scaling, or hunting, the proper man
chosen,

To lead the bold van, over chasm, or heath.
The most debonnaire of the balls graceful
dancers

The most deadly shot to compete for the
“prix,”

A dashing “Vaquero”, the bravest of lancers,
The last man of all whom the enemy see.

With pelf in his pocket, enough but to cover
The pleasures of moment that come to his
view;

The firmest of friends, and a true hearted
 lover,
 A gentleman always, to give him his due.
 Then long life to these, who in full dress, or
 flannels,
 Discard them for garb, of lone lands, or home
 mart,
 For these are the Knights who give spice to
 our annals,
 Without them our era from romance would
 part.



CRITICISM

Two flaunting garden roses bloomed
In glorious beauty rare;
Each morn, the gard'ner—watered—groomed
Them, with excessive care;
A little wayside flower close by,
With envy—sighed each day,
And inwardly would wonder why
No gard'ner came her way!

'Till lo! one morn, a nesting pair
In leaves just overhead,
Peeped from their home to take the air,
And to each other said:
“How sweet that flow'r shines down there!
Amidst the waving grass,
It thrives without the pampered care
Those roses have 'neath glass.”

They flew away—but left behind—
A flow'r of fragrant heart,
Who felt anon—above her kind,
For hers, had ceased to smart;
'Tis meet, that beauty win a glance,
'Tis their's by nature's right:
But he who seeks, will some day chance
Upon a Flower'd delight.

THE REWARD

When I told that story new,
In a trembling voice to you,
And I saw your blushes mount upon your
cheek.

Then you shyly turned your head,
When love's message to you sped,
While I waited anxiously for you to speak.

How the ages seemed to roll,
As I tried to calm my soul,
Waiting for your final word, to make us one;
Then I noticed with a start,
That your eyes, betrayed your heart,
Giving me the kind of heaven rarely won.

Now we're old and silver'd each,
Yet the old tale, we still teach.
To the beaming faces, at our fireside.
And in each fond youthful glance,
We'll relive our own romance,
Down the vale of years with cupid as our
guide.

SUFFRAGISM

On every side—one see's the sneers
Enwreath the scoffing lips of men,
When ere the weaker sex appears,
Insisting on their rights again.

They will but view the surface thing
They say, "Oh how ridiculous!
To see those who should purr, and cling,
Appear with traits conspicuous."

Beyond this even, they insist
Our purpose is to "wear their shoes,"
Need one—rehearse their hackney'd list?
It would e'en common sense confuse.

If they but taxed their reason—they
Might feel that ours is a just cause;
Nay, further, even might display
Their anger at one sided laws.

Why should not woman have the right
If they, like men, support the state?
For have they not as well their fight
For bread? Then why them underrate?

Then where's the wonder if they strive
To reach the plane, that suits them best?
Is it a fault if they contrive
By brains, and pluck to win Life's crest?

Come, Gentlemen! give voice and heart
To help a cause, that needs your note,
Deflect a time from home and mart
Supporting us to get a vote.

THE VIOLINCELLO

A pensive maiden sat each night
 With her loved violincello,
 Giving Musical delight?
 To one she termed her fellow.

He, unaware of heart he'd won,
 Would lounge, and pose, and smoke-up,
 And wished the music would have done,
 While she, with tears would choke-up.

Each night before his hotel dinner,
 He scowled, and grunted frequent.
 And said "each meal but made him thinner,"
 And looked at the delinquent.

She seemed to feel his every mood,
 And to show him, that she saw them:
 Would play her 'cello extra good—
 With master strains, to win him.

At last one night, she sought in vain
 The pampered face she knew,
 And gripped her heart as if in pain—
 For dreaming love was true.

Somewhere in this great country free
 There roams a stupid fellow
 Who won a girl who artlessly
 Played love upon her 'cello.

A HINT

Oh Paddy Dear,
If what I hear
About the town is true,
Rude men are kissing all the girls,
Who have twin eyes of blue.

Now Paddy Dear,
I have a fear
You'll lose your steady girl,
For kissing takes
Away my aches,
And sets my brain awirl.

Oh Paddy Dear,
Bend down your ear,
While I will whisper in it,
I can't resist,
When being kissed
To hold each kiss a minute.

Then Paddy Dear,
You can take cheer
With me remove this blot,
Just take your fill,
At least, until
You find my lips too hot.

LOVE'S ORDEAL

The tryant of my soul but yesterday,
 Imposed a task, the like I'd never had,
 My heart recoiled, e're she had had her say,
 I knew my efforts could but make her sad.
 Therefore I paused, e're I accepted it—
 And prayed her not to tax my strength too
 far,
 (Her inexorable purpose had in it)
 (To me a danger that exceeded war.)

I told her deeds of daring I would do;
 Would face the greatest dangers at her beck,
 But what she asked I felt unequal to,
 E're I succeeded I should fall a wreck.
 I begged her to rethink one night upon it
 Before condemning me to write a sonnet.

A WOMAN'S HEART

I knew a Lady, who
Dealt lightly in the trade of Souls.
Whose inner point of view,
Was not in keeping, with the Doles
Of passions due,
That's showered on the fallen heads
Of such—she knew.
Her Charity instead
Towards these Women grew,
When knowing all the while
She, might have helped the Dead.
With more success—less guile,
She strewed her blessings in their way
Which they received with hidden sneers,
Their hardened Souls could not repay
Her efforts, with unbidden tears.
She knew, for she had risen from
Her own despair, and being strong
Gave aid to natures stricken dumb,
Engendered thru the midnight song.
Need more be said?
Have these lines failed its purpose, when
With message sped,
It reaches yea, the best of men,
Who knew her efforts with the Years.
With all her inner suffering
Were all for Him, if he but hears
The key—note of this offering?

“MA BELLE”

Shallow, heartless, fickle, wise.
 Yet beaming sunshine from her eyes,
 Which hold adventure in their depths,
 Inviting men to make missteps—
 So she may hold the upper hand,
 Until her victims understand,
 That though they dallied for her heart,
 She ne'er could share its smallest part.
 Much wiser in her knowledge then
 She beautified for other men.
 And they with ardour, soon would learn
 The sweetness of her smile, and burn.
 So pass your useless life away
 Until he comes, MA BELLE, some day.
 A man whom you will least expect—
 Who'll win your love, and deep respect.
 Who'll make your life, a desert bare.
 You'll be repaid—He will not care.

HER LEADING MAN

I like to be around when Ma
Cooks funny things—and bakes.
She says she's puzzled at such times
When I has bellyaches!

I sit about while first she cooks
And everything I taste.
She never looks from her cook book
While I eats all the waste.

I'm five—but still I like my Ma.
She's stunning, I declare.
The neighbors says she is a Star!
To my face they don't dare.

At times I get aguessin' tho,
So seldom do we meet.
But when I'm grown I'll surely know—
(Gee, ain't this smell just sweet?)

My dainty Mama stoops and takes
The things from out the stove,
And lays out pies, and steaming cakes.
(My, how can children rove?)

I burn my fingers, as they cool—
I jump about with rage,
'Till our real cook, says "I'm a fool,
And Impish for my age."

Now, I ain't mean, or want to be,
Yet I don't like the cook.
I told her confidentially,
No sass from her I'd brook!

Ma heard it all, and laughed, and gasped.
And then my feast began.
She let me eat 'till I collapsed,
I couldn't hardly stan'.

She bent, and picked me up, at length,
As only Mama's can
And said "when I grew up to strength,
I'd be her LEADING MAN."



SO FLEW—THE “FLU”

A Germ of German origin,
Was sent out from Berlin,
To suffocate its way to Spain.
And German-ate again.

It lingered there, a month or so,
And stayed with friend, and foe.
Yet left a Billion germs behind,
To tantalize the mind.

They left grim havoc in their wake,
Before they did forsake
Those shores, and scurried o'er the sea's
Like unseen mysteries.

They landed in the U. S. A.
The Devil was to pay,
They scattered o'er our Continent
Not paying fares, or rent.

"Twas "Flu" (let's hope to pass the censor)
Is Spanish Influenza.
Some day, "Our Uncle" hopes to answer—
This latest "GERMAN KULTUR."

POET'S LOVE

We oftimes have wondered when poets have
 written
 Details of a nature that seemed far from
 truth;
 If they had believed what they wrote, or were
 smitten
 With dream-laden'd visions, from calf-
 haunted youth.

We oftimes have wondered ('tis sad to admit
 it)
 Why poets were let loose to skip in the world?
 To look the sad spectres of love unrequited
 To vengefully turn out their Sonnets up-
 curled!

We oftimes have wondered and who can so
 blame us?
 When reading the ravings of love newly
 stirred
 Why such vapid sentiment should make them
 famous,
 Which might not contain—just one sensible
 word?

And yet we have read them! and always will
 read them,
 Because our own love—was as ice to their
 flame,

(Like captives who worship the fair name of
freedom)

(Tho' it may be lacking—still worship the
same!)

Then poets we wish ye good luck with no
malice!

Just write us your cantos of love day by day,
We all would have drank from the sweet-
poisoned Chalice

But somehow or other—'twas passed the
wrong way!



GOD'S DESIGN

How glorious is the truest type of man!
 Whose visage bears the noble stamp of life:
 Who seeks the purest ideals of his clan,
 Who fights and gains the laurels of the strife.
 Virtue and right the weapons at his side,
 With tolerance of strength for ribald jeers:
 Yet leonine, when scoffers do deride
 The non-existence of the God he fears.

The true man seeks not honor, pomp, nor pelf,
 For life to him spells betterment of race:
 His earthly span, the frieze, on which to
 trace
 Each good deed, that shall beautify itself,
 With victory of life stamped on his face
 God manifest, because he conquered self.

THE AMBASSADOR

A year ago I met her first!
'Twas on her birthday night,
And previously I had rehearsed
Deportment, for her sight.
On entering, my keen delight
Was blighted in one swoop,
Her haughty bearing—gave me fright,
I knew myself her dupe.

Her jet black eyes, my person swept
In comprehensive gaze,
Methought within them mischief crept
Behind their frosty glaze;
Yet in her calm, her frozen calm:
And maidenly reserve,
Somehow I thrilled in wild alarm,
I lost my manly nerve.

I offered her the presents, that
My foresight, had foreseen,
And placed them in position, at
The feet of her, my queen.
Her frigid glance turned sunny warm,
Her hand, Oh, how I kissed it!
Her soft insinuating form,
In mine, a moment rested.

Her first cold welcome I forgot, -
(The present held me captive)

Her haughty conduct mattered not,
 (Her moods are all attractive.)
 I overlooked her first disdain,
 Her chilling silence, too,
 Her sweet surrender must explain
 My rapid change of view.

But since that time, her love is mine,
 I need no more to court her;
 Her eyes outshine the warmest clime,
 She looks for what—"I've brought her."
 She woos me now—she climbs my knee,
 And thinks it fun,—O rather,
 And asks me in her childish glee—
 "What 'as oo bruf me Far'ver?"



“BLAZING THE TRAIL”

The state of single blessedness is one
To conjure with in early years,
With no restrictions on One's appetite,
Where naught but happiness appears,
If grief, or sorrow follow in Youth's wake,
He throws them off with nonchalance,
He will not view Life's troubles at their
 worth,
But coins them into acts—that make romance.

He cannot see, nor grasp a true mistake,
For kindly Fate, now wears a mask,
His mind is centered on each new delight
He craves not any other task!
He follows blindly 'till the goal is won,
And childlike, tiring of a toy,
Begins to scan the radius of the Earth,
For prospects of another joy.

He travels on along the road of Youth,
Without a thought of what's behind,
He gathers every Raindrop, with the Sun,
Without a purpose in his mind.
If gentle Maidens interrupt his path
He steals their charms, offhandedly,
Believing they belong to him by right!
Fulfilling nature's destiny.

Oh, Careless boy! if you but knew the wrath
 That follows your excess of bliss!
 We feel, no act of yours would be undone
 To Paliatè your sense of this.
 You blazed your trail, as others of your kind,
 Garnering from each Flower you pressed
 The essence of the power that gave you birth,
 You gained the "Make-believe" at best!

L'ENVOI

For this, and your own youth, we envy you,
 For though we chide, this phase we would re-
 new!



THE SEASONS OF LIFE

Beneath the azure of a Spring-time day,
The youthful couple went their blissful way,
With new discovered pleasures in their steps;
To them life was a play with untold depths,
They take their gladness which seemed their's
by right,
Unthinking pleasure much, e'en proves a
blight.

Beneath the canopy of summer sky,
The lovers drink the cup of ecstasy,
The nectar of new love enfills their hearts,
Untouched as yet by life's envenomed smarts,
Supreme in each, they mark not cankered care
That like some fell bird, hovers o'er them
there.

Beneath the shine of gold, that autumn sows,
The parents wend them to the plot, where
grows
The floral sweetness of their constant care;
'Tis all that's left of their sole pledge and
heir,
Each day as Phoebus wakes the earth around,
The stricken pair, by their loved dust are
found.

Beneath the leaden pall of winter's blast,
Ere yet the dawn has nightly shadows passed,
The aged man, with one last effort speaks;
His eyes once more light up his withered
cheeks,
"True pleasure is when long expentancy
Nears its fruition in eternity."

ANALYSIS

Have I in a foolish moment
 Thrown my happiness away—
 Did I self inflict this torment
 Have I this great price to pay?
 Must I as the days are quickening—
 Shuddering—from the lengthening nights,
 Feel forever this heart sickening
 In the thought of past delights?

Oh! to have again my treasure,
 Just to nurse it in my soul,
 And to feel once more the pleasure
 Of our bliss in uncontrol?
 How could she have loved—yet strickened
 All my hopes of joy like this—
 Did she think she had me weakened
 In my manhood—for a kiss?

God—she must have seen my longing,
 Must have caught each loving glance,
 Noting none, her girlhood wronging
 Feeling my love, was not chance,
 Yet like some old brazened Coquette
 Playing idly with my love,
 Carelessly pulled out from pocket
 Say—a stained and crumpled glove.

Just as idly has she thrown me
 In some corner of her room,

I had pleased her once completely
Now the part I can't resume.
No, I cannot think you human,
When you spurn the gift of God,
You are neither man nor woman
But a senseless piece of clod.



THE "STICKER"

Dedicated to Anita M. Baldwin, founder of the
 "Red Star," whose love for animals is proverbial.

A Dog will gladly trot along
 Sedately by your side,
 He doesn't criticize your clothes—
 His Master is his pride.

If you have but a crust of bread,
 He'll forage for a bone,
 And wag his tail as joyfully
 To show he's yours alone.

He'll show his teeth in grin, or snarl
 And prove with every act
 That friendliness means all to you
 And loyalty a fact.

He will not shun you when you're broke,
 He'll sleep on stone or rug.
 So Reader—GOD BLESS EVERY DOG!
 Give yours a pat and hug.



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